JOHN BULL, MARCH 5, 1938 VOL. LXIII. 1655.

JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

Can you afford to be ill?

WINTER ILLNESS AT ITS PEAK

Seeing them off to school. They depend on you. You can't afford to be ill!

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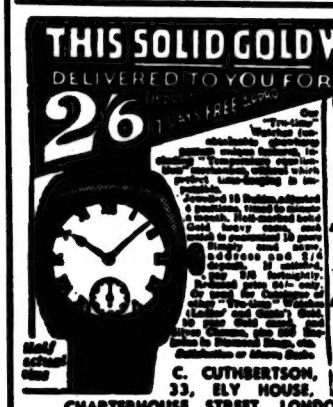

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1/6 DEPOSIT secures the Ambron Reducing Corset offered on page 28.

BARGAIN hunters should not overlook Bolsom's Furnishing offers on page 5. Fill in the coupon for free copy of their Furnishing Book De-Luxe.

SEND for free brochure of "Dudley Electric" Vacuum Cleaners by filling in the coupon on page 29, or write, mentioning *John Bull*, to C.W.S. National Works, Dept. E., Dudley, Worcs.

EVERY home should have an Acme Portable Wringer-Mangle—it takes all the toil out of wringing and mangling. Write at once, mentioning *John Bull*, for free illust. booklet 3C, describing all models sizes, prices, etc., to Acme Wringers, Ltd., David St., Glasgow.

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THE reliability of Bush Superhets is renowned. The models illustrated on p. 12 can be obtained for a few shillings weekly. Fill in coupon at once for full details of these models and send to Bush Radio, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.163), Power Road, Chiswick, London, W.4.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by Testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

COLDS AND INFLUENZA quickly relieved by Cephos, the Physician's Remedy. Recommended by Doctors and Nurses. In Powders or Tablets. Send p.c. for FREE SAMPLE. CEPHOS, LTD. (Dept. 29), BLACKBURN.

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A FREE Offer! — to all who are run down. A generous sample of Angier's Emulsion, the proved tonic which builds up health and strength, will be sent to all readers who fill in the coupon on page 37 or write, mentioning *John Bull*, to The Angier Chemical Co., Ltd. (Dept. B.228), 86, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1. Attach 4d. stamp for postage.

FREE.—A generous sample of TEEN-A-MINT, the safe, pleasant chewing laxative, is offered to every reader who sends a postcard, mentioning *John Bull*, to White's Laboratories, Ltd. (Dept. 126), 15, Thames House, Westminster, London, S.W.1. See page 62.

FREE to sufferers from bad legs and all circulatory troubles. Fill in the coupon on the back cover for free sample of Elasto, the biological remedy, and a copy of a special free booklet, fully explaining the Elasto Treatment. Send the coupon now, while you think of it.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WRITE FOR PROFIT. Send for free booklet. Regent Institute (101C), Palace Gate, W.8.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by Testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

FREE.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Evan Williams Co., Ltd., Dept. J.B., Perivale, Greenford, Middlesex, for a free booklet on the "Care of the Hair." See page 29.

WRITE, mentioning *John Bull*, to Benbow's Dog Mixture Co., Ltd., Dept. J.B., 2, Bartholomew Close, London, E.C.1, for free particulars of how to make your dog's coat grow healthy and bright by giving him Benbow's Dog Mixture.

FREE.—If you want to keep your hair lovely and light as nature intended, fill in the coupon on page 34, enclosing 2d. stamp for postage, for free packet of Sta-blond shampoo for fair hair, which contains no dyes or injurious bleaches. Fill in and post now, while you think of it, to the address given on the coupon.

YOU can obtain FOUR SQUARE Tobacco in samples which include Empire Mixture, Curlies, Original Mixture, etc., six in all, for only 1/-. If you cannot obtain from your tobacconist, write, mentioning *John Bull*, to George Doble & Son, Ltd., Paisley, Scotland, enclosing P.O. for 1/-. See page 33.

NAIL BITING.—Free booklet sent privately for 11d. stamp explains how you can free yourself (or child) of this objectionable, health-endangering habit.—Filtex, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.1), 31, Broadway, Crouch End, London, N.8.

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Dressing Table also with Triple Mirrors if preferred.

CASH PRICE 3-PIECE SUITE **8 GNS**

List Price 14 Gns.

7/9 A MONTH FOR 24 MONTHS

Suite complete with 4 ft. Bedstead and Spring, 11 Gns. or 24 Payments of 10/6.

No. S.P.962. — Two Walnuts of different figuring and shade are most effectively combined in this beautiful production. 4 ft. Wardrobe fitted with rail, hooks and a full-length mirror inside the door. Dressing Table with sunk-centre and large circular mirror. Four-drawer Chest.

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4ft SUITE IN FIGURED OAK

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6/- A MONTH FOR 24 MONTHS

CASH PRICE 3-PIECE SUITE **6 GNS**

No. S.P.963.—Neat and distinguished modern design carried out in richly figured Oak, polished a deep Jacobean Brown. The Dressing Table is fitted with large triple mirrors. 4 ft. Wardrobe fitted with two half-shelves, hanger rails, hooks and a full-length mirror inside the door.

Dressing Table with large circular mirror if preferred.

Suite, complete with 4 ft. Bedstead and Spring, 8½ Gns., or 24 Payments of 8/3.

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3 PIECE LOUNGE SUITE

IN GRAINED LEATHER CLOTH.

CASH PRICE **7½ GNS**

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No. S.P.964.—A well-built Lounge Suite in modern style, of high-grade workmanship throughout, upholstered on massive seasoned birch frames and covered in good quality grained leather cloth in Blue, Brown, Red or Green. Seats fitted with loose cushions covered in velveteen to match. Settee 52 in. wide. Easy Chairs 31 in. wide.

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6 PIECE OAK DINING SET

Comprising :—4 Ft. SIDEBOARD, 5 x 3 Ft. TABLE and 4 CHAIRS.

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List Price 10½ Gns.

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No. S.P.965.—A soundly built modern style suite of high-grade workmanship and finish, with massive square section legs to all pieces. 6 ft. SIDEBOARD, fitted with 2 large cupboards and 2 drawers (one baize lined), 5 ft. x 3 ft. Table and 4 Saddle-seat Chairs.

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STRAIGHT FROM THE

Wives
London
Don't

FROM time to time JOHN BULL sent special investigators int distressed areas.

They have been touched b description by the heroism, self-sa and patience of those women o Dead End.

He would be a very inhuman ma a fool—who wasn't.

Wives Cheat Wives

There is one hope for those he —and the men and children they New industries.

But the manufacturers aren't go sufficient numbers.

And the people who are being b are—their wives.

Lure of Bright Lights

It is said by various trading companies, started under Gover auspices to attract these new indu that budding industrialists seem to make the experiment.

But, it is added, their wom don't.

They prefer the bright lights o don, Manchester, Birmingham, there are plenty of factories alrea

They want that magic thing, *life.*

Novel Cure

It has come to this. One of th panies, North-Eastern Trading E Ltd., has commissioned the n Douglas Goldring to write a novel ing managing directors' wives that *are* social amenities in those grey

We don't blame them.

Big businesses have been on the of going North-East when women intervened.

Better Women

Our word, however, is to the ma turers.

We say, "Take your jobs to the who really need them. Your wiv follow in due time.

"They won't find bottle-parties what they will find will make better women."

Doomed Homes

Let's hope that we'll find a Minister in our Minister of Healt he recognises that there are a people still living in condemned houses.

He admitted that fact the othe by the way.

Yet unemployment is increasing building trades, and he doesn't s do much about it.

Price of Delay

In fact, we happen to know Ministry of Health delay in plans is holding up a big num housing schemes.

With building costs up, that del many local authorities thous

JOHN BULL

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THURSDAY, for week ending SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1938.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

Wives Cold-Shoulder Black Spots London Seeking More "Lungs" Don't Hush Those Cruel Wills

FROM time to time JOHN BULL has sent special investigators into the distressed areas.

They have been touched beyond description by the heroism, self-sacrifice and patience of those women of the Dead End.

He would be a very inhuman man—or a fool—who wasn't.

Wives Cheat Wives

There is one hope for those heroines—and the men and children they love. New industries.

But the manufacturers aren't going in sufficient numbers.

And the people who are being blamed are—their wives.

Lure of Bright Lights

It is said by various trading estate companies, started under Government auspices to attract these new industries, that budding industrialists seem willing to make the experiment.

But, it is added, their womenfolk don't.

They prefer the bright lights of London, Manchester, Birmingham, where there are plenty of factories already.

They want that magic thing, *social life.*

Novel Cure

It has come to this. One of the companies, North-Eastern Trading Estates, Ltd., has commissioned the novelist Douglas Goldring to write a novel showing managing directors' wives that there *are* social amenities in those grey places.

We don't blame them.

Big businesses have been on the verge of going North-East when women have intervened.

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Our word, however, is to the manufacturers.

We say, "Take your jobs to the people who really need them. Your wives will follow in due time.

"They won't find bottle-parties. But what they will find will make them better women."

Doomed Homes

Let's hope that we'll find a better Minister in our Minister of Health now he recognises that there are a million people still living in condemned slum houses.

He admitted that fact the other day, by the way.

Yet unemployment is increasing in the building trades, and he doesn't seem to do much about it.

Price of Delay

In fact, we happen to know that Ministry of Health delay in passing plans is holding up a big number of housing schemes.

With building costs up, that delay will mean many local authorities thousands of pounds each—and thousands of pounds would build many more workers' houses.

Profit Snatchers

Another trouble is that so many odd people who know nothing about building have blossomed as speculative builders during the three years' boom.

They shot up their jerry-built houses and prospered—while the going was good.

Bar the Gamblers

First weakening in the boom sees them in the bankruptcy court—or showing a clean pair of heels. Worse, it shows their skilled workmen flung out of jobs.

Building societies should make it impossible for such gamblers to stage a come-back.

Heart of Empire

On a brighter note, sections of the Canadian Press are detecting signs that Canada will become the new heart of Empire.

Transfer of industries and workmen from England to Canada *en masse* will eventuate from the next Imperial Conference, it is said.

But don't rush and pack. Take our word, it won't happen in your lifetime.

When Thrift is Mean

Anyhow, another £7,000,000 went into the Post Office Savings Bank in January, bringing the total deposited there to £477,000,000.

The country's sound at heart.

If we were poorer our hesitancy about giving a little more help to the aged, the widowed, the fatherless, the unemployed, wouldn't be quite so damnable.

Chilly Charity

One case of unbelievable distress that has come to our notice concerns a family in Powell Street, Wolverhampton.

The other day a policeman called at the house with a ticket for boots—two fine pairs—from the Town Hall Boot Fund.

Then he handed over—a summons for rates.

These "Big" Secrets

The "Hush, Hush!" boys are at it again.

This time it is the Newport (Mon.) Council deciding to keep Press and public away when salaries—which the ratepayers have to pay—are under discussion.

He's a little man who loves a big secret.

More "Hush, Hush!"

The worst "Hush, Hush!" boys are to be found in the House of Commons. They would have everything suppressed except their own dreary speeches.

A group of them is trying to get all actions under the Inheritance Bill—now before the House—held by judges *in camera.*

Wives and children savagely cut off without a penny don't want secrecy.

Sweden Lends a Hand

Famous Swedish gymnasts are coming here soon. They will give a fillip to the Physical Fitness campaign.

Then they are going to Stockholm in connection with the centenary celebrations of Ling, founder of modern gymnastics.

Keep Off Compulsion

Now, Ling preached that good health came, first, from proper living, and, secondly, from proper exercise.

Which is just what we believe.

And that's why we have no complaint at all against non-compulsory physical jerks so long as it takes its proper place in the scheme of things.

Another "Black Hole"

But read this from a Civil Servant!

"It is a condemned hut. Insufficient ventilation produces an awful atmosphere which lowers resistance. Half a dozen cases of tuberculosis have occurred among this staff in as many years."

That's the office provided by a Government that preaches: "Fitness Wins."

Banishing Boys

A further appropriate comment comes from Mr. J. F. Nash, of Cambridge Road, Lowestoft. He writes:

"When His Majesty spoke over the radio on February 17 urging better health opportunities for our young people the Lowestoft Council will close the camping-ground where three hundred boys used to camp any week during the summer.

"Yet, as Duke of York, His Majesty created a camping-ground for boys near by."

London's "Lung"

It is refreshing to turn to London's "Green Belt" scheme, which has provided the metropolis with 43,000 acres of "lung" since Mr. Herbert Morrison instituted it in 1935—and which more big cities ought to imitate.

No more applications from local authorities for grants can be received after March 31. But that doesn't mean an end of it.

Things to Come

The L.C.C.'s dream is a green belt girdling London, and not the present patchwork affair, fine though it is.

Hence its ambition to go on acquiring beauty spots round London.

Hence, also, the Bill now before Parliament, to give it and Home Counties authorities the necessary powers.

Journey's End

Recall our exposures of Ward Daw and Co., investment brokers, and the Carlisle Investment Trust, a Jacob Factor "joint."

They have both reached the end of the story in the dock of the Old Bailey during the present sessions.

A few more share-pushers we have shown up will enter that dock soon.

Bring 'Em Back

What disconcerts us is that the worst offenders—as is so often the case—have fled the country.

Their whereabouts are known. Why aren't they brought back to face trial?

If it is a question of cost—and that's the story we hear—it's madness. You have to spend money in fighting plagues.

No Freaks Wanted

Money isn't everything—as the Blackpool Council said in deciding to ban freak shows, notwithstanding that they ease the rates.

Blighting Bathers

Inland towns, too, have got one eye on approaching summer.

They're getting ready to fill their swimming-baths.

We hope the scores of antiquated and disease-spreading baths we have condemned are found to leak beyond all repair when the water's turned on.

June in February

Up in Glasgow are thousands of young people who daren't think of summer.

Shop and restaurant workers, they have been told they must take their summer (!) holidays before or after the Exhibition.

Are there any unemployed—or is it a cruel rumour?

Features You Should Read:

So Another Child was born - - - *p. 9*
Beauty Racketeers Unmasked - - - *p. 10 and 11*
Who Sups with il Duce? By A. G. G. *p. 15*
War on Smuggler No. 1 - - - - *p. 21*
Lid Off the Law Courts - - - - *p. 22 and 23*
A Ship Comes In. By Dale Collins - *p. 24*

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

IT seems ridiculous to me and all my friends that the authorities will arrest a man who dresses as a woman, but treat a woman who parades in male attire as something of a joke.—Mrs. K. A. Beazley, 41, Wallwood Road, Leytonstone, E.11.

As she usually is! But there may be danger to society in a man dressing as a woman.

A Trick?

A man who cannot keep up payments on goods bought at the door on the instalment system has come to me in great distress.

He has received a letter from the firm reading: "You will see that we have enquired of your employer as to your financial position"—and enclosing the torn-off heading of his employer's notepaper as evidence.—F. Stansfield, 8, Burnley Road, Luddendenfoot, Yorks.

Chances are that the employer was written to on an entirely different matter, as the man might discover if he put facts before his firm.

Human Ice-breakers

These all-the-year-round swimmers—you know, the human ice-breakers—puzzle me a lot.

Are they people who disdain overcoats, pullovers, gloves, hot-water bottles, eiderdowns? Does Nature cheat them of the joy of sitting round a roaring fire and hearing the howl of the gale?—F. S. Butler, 33, Simpsons Road, Bromley.

No. Most Serpentine winter bathers have teeth that chatter like pneumatic drills, will tell you: "Y-Y-You d-don't know how b-b-beautifully warm it makes you af-af-afterwards."

Cheer Leader

I saw the film "Charge of the Light Brigade" in Toronto. There were roars of cheers as a standard-bearer saved the banner from falling.

I have seen it again recently in Leicester—in a packed theatre. And not a sound was heard.—Bernard Gardner, 8, Chatsworth Avenue, South Wigston, Leicester.

One voice probably started that Canadian demonstration. One voice might have had the same effect at Leicester. Audiences are like that.

Younger Generation Section

I EARN A precarious living as a machinist. Like twenty or thirty girls in our small works, I would like a husband and children.

But we are not surplus women. We have been offered marriage as often as our married sisters, but not by the right men.

We have courage to refuse proposals, but not to give our children as their fathers men for whom we have no respect.—F. M. Roberts, 68, Seddon Lane, Stoneclough, Manchester.

HERE IS WISDOM from a child under school age:

"If you smack me again, mummy," said my little son, "I'll close my eyes and put you in the dark."—Mrs. E. Turvey, Brick House Road, Tolleshunt Major, Maldon, Essex.

I DON'T SMOKE or drink. I'm not interested in football, racing, girls, dancing. I'm not fanatical—in other words, I don't look down on people who are of other views.

But my workmates have one word for me: "He's *daft*!"—G. J., Titchfield Street, Kilmarnock.

YOUNG AND SINGLE, with my own business and home, I do my housework and gardening—even to digging the potatoes.

I solved the problem of Keeping Fit long before the Government discovered that Fitness Wins. And so did thousands of other girls who are proud of hard work.—Miss D. D. Smith (please forward address).

MY TEACHERS TAUGHT me everything there was to know about doing sums. So I entered my examination with confidence.

Then question after question began with the words "Work out to the last integer——" And because I had never been taught the meaning of that one word I failed.—H. S., Sheffield 6.

MY FIANCEE AND I can tell why decent young couples are driven out into the fields, when there are so many secluded and comfortable seats for them.

The reason is: Peeping Toms. They abound everywhere nowadays. Perhaps they are a product of an age.—G. S., Catterick Camp, Yorks.

I'VE GOT MY first job. Introducing me to the staff, the boss described me as the daughter of an engine-driver. "And I'm the son of an engine-driver," he beamed.

Since when, the typist, who always boasted her mother was a Spanish aristocrat, the managing clerk, who calls himself the rightful Lord ——, and a few others who have always boasted proud lineage, fall over each other to talk of their lowly upbringings.—M. M., Epsom.

BY PICKING ONE of us to watch the class, my teacher keeps order while she is away.

We are expected to tell tales about children who smile or talk or shuffle.

Being very young, am I impertinent in asking whether it is right to teach us to be tittle-tattles?—E. S., Little Sandhurst, Berkshire.

"THAT'S A STORK, dear," I told my daughter, aged two.

"Yes, I know, mummy," she said, looking at its long legs. "But what's the bird at the end of it?"—Mrs. D. Butler, 21, Cotswold Road, Hillsborough, Sheffield.

MY SMALL BROTHER, a schoolboy, learns something from his school teacher—even if it isn't a good memory.

Anyhow, sent out for some camphorated oil, and forgetting the name, he asked the chemist for "sixpenn'orth of what this bottle smells of."—J. Bell, 357, Sandy Lane, Coventry.

Cold Facts

Why do clean sheets feel so much colder than those that have been slept in? They give quite a shock to my system these cold nights.—W. G. Howlett, 43, Essex Street, Norwich.

Because they are glossy. A tile feels colder on its shiny side. Polished glass feels colder than frosted. All a question of the conductivity of the surface.

P.C. Was Right

Asking a police officer in the street for the address of a J.P., so that I could get a vaccination exemption form signed on behalf of my little girl, I was told: "But I mustn't divulge such information." Why the secrecy?—C. W. B., 486, Kingston Road, Raynes Park, London, S.W.

The police officer was right. It is inadvisable to give justices' addresses to all and sundry. And man in charge of local police station will always put citizens in touch with justices when there is good reason—as in this case.

Insulting a Prince

I send you an illustration of a queer coin unearthed in my garden, the size of a halfpenny, dated 1837, with Queen Victoria's head on one side and the words "To Hanover" on the other.—John Gabin, 15, Penrith Road, Portico, St. Helens, Lancs.

Not a coin, but a medallion, issued by people who objected to Queen Victoria's marriage to the Prince Consort. "To Hanover" was invitation to him to go home.

Free Beer

Certain firms are leaving bottles of beer on doorsteps, apparently to gain custom.

Now, I enjoy my glass of beer. But why, I ask, should it be possible for free drink to be left within reach of children when the law makes sure that they shan't be allowed to buy it?—Thomas Morrison, 97, Great Titchfield Street, London, W.1.

Licensed Victuallers' National Defence League has never heard of this practice. Would like any details anyone might have. The trade is, of course, dead against the practice of beer-hawking, which is certainly illegal where a charge is made for the liquor.

Letters Bugbear

I thought we paid for letters to be delivered to a house.

Yet I know a farm that stands a quarter of a mile back from a public road, and the Post-Office authorities have nailed a margarine box on the gate of the field and expect the farmhouse occupants to go to the road to collect their own letters.—George S. Stork, Hollym, Withernsea, E. Yorks.

G.P.O. says: "Is it certain the Post Office fixed the box? Is reader sure there is no old arrangement? Fact is that any householder is entitled to have letters delivered at door to which they are addressed, whatever the situation."

Pity the Postman

Poor old postman! As you will see from the company's letter, the L.N.E.R. has refused me night-shift cheap travel facilities on the ground that these cheap rates are for mechanics, artisans and labourers only—and postmen are none of these three.—W. F. Poole, 3, Roxburn Way, Ruislip, Middlesex.

All railway companies treat all postal workers as neither mechanic, artisan nor labourer—and few workers travel more at night than they. Their union has made approaches, Post Office has helped, but the railways even refuse to say what they think a postal worker actually is.

Weight-Lifters

I have seen a lily-like flower that has forced its way through a concrete path. Incredible that so frail and delicate a stalk should do what man can only perform with a sharp pick!—Dorothy Burton, 18, Wentworth Street, Middlesbrough.

Leading horticulturist says: "If it were a lily it was growing in a pocket in the concrete. The polygonum alone will force its way through concrete—then only where soil has mixed with the cement and weakened it. Fungus will, of course, lift heavy paving-stones out of their beds."

Infallible

I've caught TIM out. The golden-voiced one told me it was 6.47 the other evening when it was 6.37. I set my watch to the time given by London's telephone clock, and then compared it with the clocks of Waterloo Station.

There was no doubt. TIM was ten minutes wrong.—H. Davies, 334, Bedfont Lane, Feltham, Middlesex.

TIM'S custodians deny it. Say TIM is checked hourly by direct time from Greenwich. "It may be your reader's watch and all sorts of clocks conspired to deceive him, but TIM has only been wrong once—nine months ago, when a workman put his pick through the line connecting with Greenwich Observatory."

Strictly Confidential

JOHN BULL must be consistent. It doesn't object to big business men being asked to supply references.

Why, then, does it object when a tallyman, before giving credit or easy payments to a working-class customer, checks up on the man or woman at a local shop.—Tally, Stanmore Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.

No inconsistency at all. When a big business man buys boots at sixpence a week, believing the transaction is secret, and the vendor betrays the deal to his grocer, we shall speak up for him, too.

Pioneers

Fifteen years ago I used to have milk supplied at school for a penny a glass—served hot in winter, cool in summer.—T. Richardson, 14, Dryden Road, Northampton.

Few schools even to-day serve the milk hot; some still supply no milk whatsoever.

Not so Good

Good old days, eh? I have just been reading the log-book of my old school.

Under entry dated 1817 appears a boy's name, followed by the words: "Dismissed for intoxication; aged 11."—Mrs. D. Waltho, 6, Hill View, Twenties, Margate.

And we have just been reading in "Illustrated Leicester Chronicle" story of a local lad given 200 strokes of the cat, with drum-rolls to drown his cries, all publicly, for giving a drink to a French prisoner of war. That 100 years ago—in "the good old days."

We are Waiting . . .

to publish your letter on this page. We pay 10s. 6d. for each one published, and an extra 10s. 6d. if we use your photograph or drawing illustrating the story.

You may write upon absolutely any subject you wish.

But, whatever the subject, please keep your letters brief.

Mark your envelope "Voice of the People."

Address your communica[illegible] BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. And there are other pages where your co-operation is cordially welcomed—pages where you can help us to help you. . . .

A. G. Gardiner	Page 15
Sir Wyndham Childs	Page 17
Greatest of These—	Page 26
Human Documents	Page 34
True Story	Page 36

And so

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WHEN we marrie
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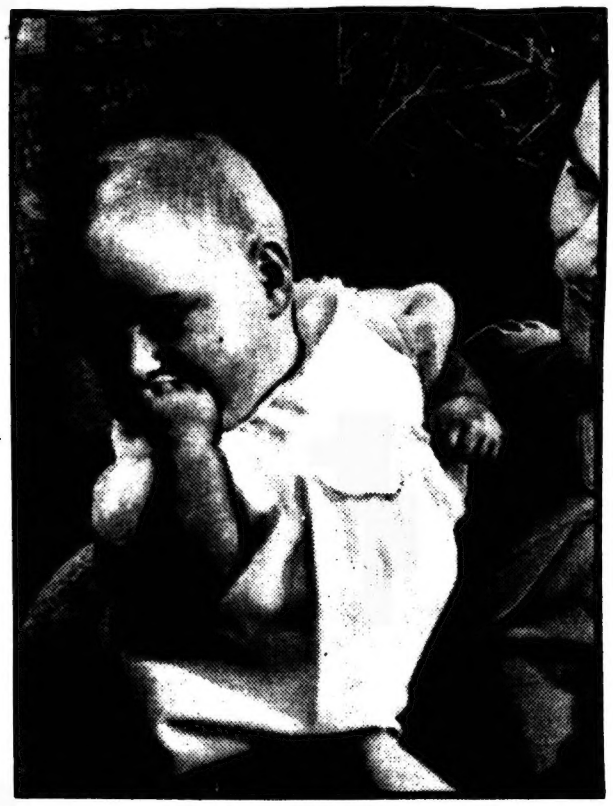
And so..
ANOTHER CHILD *was born*

In this moving article a young father tells why he and his wife decided to have a second child. He earns £5 a week, so there were sacrifices to make. Yet he ends his story—"Though we haven't a bean, we're millionaires!"

by John Hopton



WHEN we married six years ago we set our faces resolutely against having a large family. We wanted only one child—preferably a boy.

Our wish was granted.

Somewhat tardily, Peter first decided to be born at daybreak on October 19, 1934.

Scott and Black's red Comet then happened to be taking off from Mildenhall with forty-six other 'planes on the 12,000-mile race to Melbourne.

As Scott raced across the world, breaking record after record, I waited for our baby's birth.

Thirty, forty hours went by.

It was not till Scott was at Singapore, 7,000 miles away, that I heard Peter's first cry.

Then I was allowed to tip-toe into the bedroom for "just a minute." There I met a very pink son in a man-size rage.

Afterwards Ann said: "It was terrible. I thought I was going to die. Now we have a son. Never again. . . ."

By the time Peter was paid for our entire savings of £25 had gone.

And we speedily realised that his belongings and the incredible amount of his dirty linen that had to be washed and dried would eventually crowd us out of our two-room flat.

★ ★ ★

That would mean a house—and more expense.

We were not worried. What did it matter?

Had it been necessary, we would have surrendered to him the whole flat and camped out on the lawn.

That's how we felt about Peter. He enshrined our love, he personified our hopes and dreams.

With his coming we felt that our happiness was complete.

"Aren't you lucky?" friends said to Ann. "Fancy, a son! It's always nicest to have a boy *first*, isn't it?"

We smiled at the innuendo. One child, we felt, was ideal.

By careful planning, by stringent economy, we would be able to give him a useful education and a fair start in life.

With two or more children the tale would be different. No second child for us, thank *you*.

As the months went by and Peter passed from babyhood to infancy it seemed that our judgment was right.

Household expenses increased. Things wore out. We decided to "make them do" a little longer.

Our dining-room suite, a wedding present from our rich relation, began to fade, the arm-rests of the chairs got dirty, the piping began to fray.

The carpet, which we bought second-hand ("A real bargain, ma'am, good as new"), revealed a premature baldness by the fireplace and along the front of the settee.

Unless we stepped gingerly the loosening fibres would trip us up.

Everything began to need reversing, recovering, restoring or re-something.

When one of us suggested, say, new chair covers, the other would retort: "What about Peter? They can wait."

In the winter, when Peter had to remain indoors, the place looked like a lumber dump. In the summer we put him in a sun-suit.

We would see him hour after hour trotting to and fro on the lawn with the sun on his golden hair and firm brown limbs.

His days were spent in furious energy—digging up bulbs, planting spoons, pencilling walls and turning on taps.

Sometimes Ann and I were irritable. Then up would come Peter, chuckle at the tantrums of the family's silly grown-ups, and at a touch of his grimy hands smooth our difficulties away.

Those were golden days.

In his ramblings around the big unkempt garden he evolved an itinerary.

After his morning snooze under the apple tree he visited the derelict summer-house in the corner; then he would do some vigorous spade-work among the rhododendrons, at the spot where we usually sought missing cutlery.

Later he would vanish among the green shadows under the weeping ash. So he worked his way round the garden until, about midday, he would invariably be found on the grass bank at the road end of the lawn.

There he would stay for some minutes peering into the bushes.

"Come on down and play," says Peter, three and a-half years old, to his baby sister, Mary. But somehow she doesn't seem able to make up her mind about the invitation

★ ★ ★

One day Ann went out to investigate this. Peter did not hear her as she approached through the long grass.

He was sitting back on his heels, preserving his balance on the slope by holding on to a tuft with each hand.

Immediately opposite to him was a spot where the leaves had thinned at the base of the bush, affording a glimpse of the road.

Through this gap Peter was gazing with intense preoccupation.

Presently a woman passed on the far side of the road. She was pushing a pram. By her side walked two little girls.

They lived at a house farther down the road, and were returning from their morning walk in the park.

Peter crouched in the grass, very solemn, gradually inclining his head more and more to one side until the leaves hid the children from his view.

"Darling," Ann said to me later, "our little man is lonely."

Then something happened. Something you might think trivial in the light of its immediate consequences. But it gave us a glimpse of hell.

A wet road . . . a cyclist's sudden skid on to the pavement. . . . Peter's hand wrenched from mine . . . a little body slithering, rolling over and over. . . .

And there he lay, his coat wet, muddied—lay huddled, silent, against the wall.

Peter! My son!

When we picked him up there was blood on his face.

Peter! Peter!

It was all right. He wasn't really hurt—not seriously, I mean.

★ ★ ★

Just momentarily dazed. His cheek was cut and the breath knocked out of him.

But he was trembling—trembling like the leaves of the little aspen in whose shadow he loves to play.

Then he sobbed his lungs full of air and began to yell.

In those awful moments we realised overwhelmingly how infinitely precious he was to us.

Supposing it had *not* been a glancing blow? Supposing he had been gravely hurt? Supposing he had—died?

Life itself would have died in us. With Peter gone there would be nothing left.

That skidding cyclist unwittingly delivered us an ultimatum. It was that for Peter's sake, and our own, there must be another child.

Early that night Ann and I talked things over seriously.

I told her that we could not afford to increase our family.

We must face facts. I was earning £250 a year. My job was not safe, and it carried no pension.

As a "black coat" I could not claim relief if I found myself without work.

"We *can* afford it, Jack," said Ann. "We've simply got to take risks sometimes, you know.

"Yes, we've said there'll be no second child. It's all wrong. We are not being fair to ourselves and, most of all, to Peter."

"But what about money? We are hard up enough now, without taking more responsibilities," I replied. "At the moment our bank balance is exactly £7."

"You're thirty, John. You won't *always* be earning £5 a week. You'll get more as time goes on, like most men in your level of business."

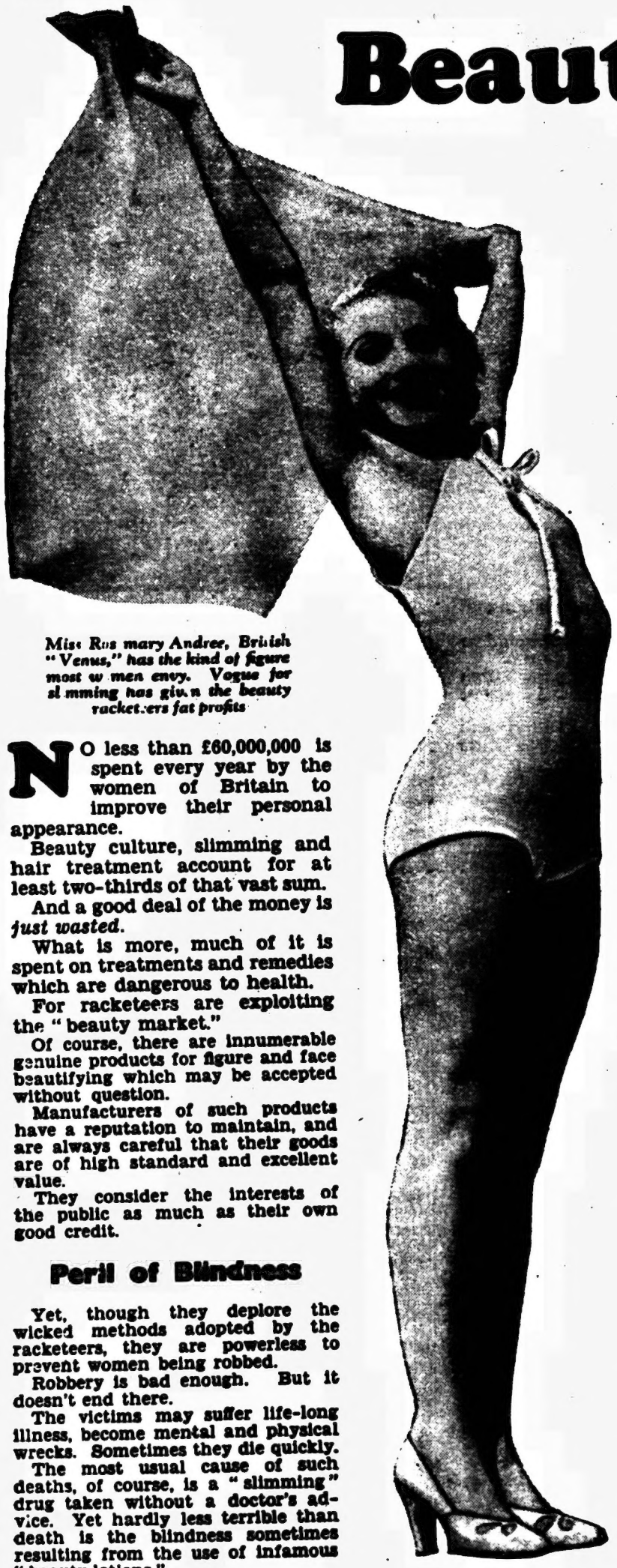
"But that's in the future, Ann. Let's talk about *now*. Think of the expense. You know what Peter costs—doctor's bills, cot, pram, linen, and so forth."

(Continued on page 42)

Beauty Racketeers

Trading on women's desire for beauty, unscrupulous quacks are daily reaping a harvest of cash from the sale of bogus slimming treatments, face creams and hair lotions. This article exposes them.

by a "John Bull" Investigator



Miss Rosemary Andree, British "Venus," has the kind of figure most women envy. Vogue for slimming has given the beauty racketeers fat profits

NO less than £60,000,000 is spent every year by the women of Britain to improve their personal appearance.

Beauty culture, slimming and hair treatment account for at least two-thirds of that vast sum.

And a good deal of the money is *just wasted*.

What is more, much of it is spent on treatments and remedies which are dangerous to health.

For racketeers are exploiting the "beauty market."

Of course, there are innumerable genuine products for figure and face beautifying which may be accepted without question.

Manufacturers of such products have a reputation to maintain, and are always careful that their goods are of high standard and excellent value.

They consider the interests of the public as much as their own good credit.

Peril of Blindness

Yet, though they deplore the wicked methods adopted by the racketeers, they are powerless to prevent women being robbed.

Robbery is bad enough. But it doesn't end there.

The victims may suffer life-long illness, become mental and physical wrecks. Sometimes they die quickly.

The most usual cause of such deaths, of course, is a "slimming" drug taken without a doctor's advice. Yet hardly less terrible than death is the blindness sometimes resulting from the use of infamous "beauty lotions."

You, madam, are doubtless too wise to be menaced by drugs. You are too cool-headed to succumb to the blandishments of cheap-jack "beauty specialists."

But do not, on that account, think yourself safe.

Like nearly every other woman in the land, you probably patronise the hairdresser's shop. It may be an excellent establishment, carefully supervised by a person of long experience and high principles. It may not.

So choose your barber carefully. Otherwise you may be exposed to grave dangers in a shop staffed by young girls who, though classed as apprentices, are denied a real opportunity to learn their business.

Seated in your chair, undergoing your "perm," you may also find that the complicated electrical apparatus is being manipulated by a girl fresh from school.

No exaggeration in that. One woman whose scalp was so badly burned that she was permanently scarred, was in the hands of a girl of fifteen!

Indeed, the law courts provide ample evidence of the frequency with which the long and delicate business of permanent waving is entrusted to inexperienced assistants.

One woman had her hair burned and "killed." Another sustained burns which became septic. Another had to receive medical treatment for many weeks.

All were rightly awarded damages against their hairdressers. Many other cases are settled out of court.

You may fall foul of another type of unscrupulous practitioner. This is the gentleman who assesses your social position at a glance and fixes his price accordingly.

Duped by Sales-Talk

If your fur coat is a good one, you will have to pay three guineas for a "perm." If you protest that you cannot afford more than one guinea, he will instruct the assistant to dose you with sales-talk.

"Your hair is getting very thin, madam," says the assistant, pursing her lips. "Have you had advice about it?"

In ten minutes, unless you are exceptionally imperturbable, you will feel a little uneasy. In twenty, you will be fearing baldness—and meekly agreeing to this or that "special lotion of our own," or a treatment by some miraculous, just-invented "ray" gadget.

Neither the lotion nor the light will do you any good, of course. It may do you quite a lot of harm. But it will swell the bill, to the proprietor's satisfaction and your dismay.

Actually, these aids to the hairdresser's business call for scientific knowledge. Permanent-waving, tinting, vibro-massage, violet-ray, high frequency and radiant heat treatment can all be dangerous if applied by the ignorant.

Even Harley Street specialists would exercise the greatest caution when manipulating some of the high-voltage apparatus used lightheartedly by the get-rich-quick gentry.

No doctor would countenance some of the lotions commonly applied.

At one stage in a "perm," for example, the hair is wrapped in sachets soaked in chemical solution.

The best of these sachets are prepared by qualified chemists in big laboratories. They are therefore expensive.

So the cheap-jack "permanent-waving expert" makes his own—from a chemical which is definitely harmful to the scalp. As for his home-made shampoos, their properties can be guessed from a recent case in which a woman was awarded damages because her hair turned a flaming red after being shampooed by a suburban hairdresser.

You can understand, therefore, why all reputable hairdressers are supporting a Bill which would render their quack competitors liable to a fine of £100.

Nor will you wonder why quack beauty saloons which include slimming are springing up like mushrooms if you realise that their profits are staggeringly high. They will charge you a guinea for an alleged remedy that in many cases costs but a few pence.

Any part of the body can be beautified with no trouble at all, according to the statements of the most notorious quacks.

But your face, figure *and your general health* may easily be ruined if faith is placed in their concoctions.

So grave is the peril from various slimming treatments that Dr. Arthur S. MacNalty, Chief Medical Officer of the Ministry of Health, has issued an official warning.

"No slimming drug or preparation," states Dr. MacNalty, "should ever be taken except on medical advice, and it is not too much to say that there is one drug—dinitrophenol—which should not be taken in any circumstances.

"It is true that dinitrophenol, under the new Poison Rules, cannot now be obtained except on a medical prescription, but the physician who orders it undertakes a very heavy responsibility, for medical literature is strewn with records of disasters from its use."

Deaths have occurred from the use of this drug—even when administered under strict supervision.

Beauty "Black-List"

Moreover, the drug brings on blindness, and causes serious impairment of physique. It sets up a train of dreadful disease.

There is no known antidote. Once poisoning from its use begins, no means of arresting the harm is available.

Yet, despite all precautions, dinitrophenol is frequently used by slimming "specialists."

Another drug commonly prescribed may cause all the symptoms of chronic alcoholism.

Body and mind degenerate, and, although a woman who takes the drug may be a total abstainer, she will be reduced to the same condition as a consistent heavy drinker.

From enquiries made through the medical profession there is now a "black list" of eighteen different beauty remedies, the use of which is strongly opposed.

Most of them are reducing com-

Unmasked

pounds and creams. Others are for developing.

The humbug of these beauty quacks!

The same cream or specific sold by some of them to women slimming is also sold under another name for developing and body-building.

At the present time there are in London several women and men with prison records, who are in the beauty and slimming swindle.

One fellow, head of a so-called "institute" where dubious methods are "practised," has been punished for posing as a doctor and for various frauds.

He has no medical qualifications. Yet he and his assistants continue to give injections to women of an extract for weight-reducing.

This man is dabbling with danger, and charging exorbitant fees in doing so.

Another alleged expert is a kind of composite trader, marketing an assorted list of perfectly useless beauty aids under various names.

He will promise you almost everything—slimness, improved figures, feature moulding, quick-growing eyelashes, anti-knock-knee legs, and much else besides.

Advertisements carry the photograph of an attractive young woman.

Curiously enough, this girl does not appear to have a fixed name.

You see her as "Miss X" in one advertisement and "Miss Y" in another.

"Secret" Remedies

One week she is shown slimming and the next she is adding to her alluring curves.

Anyway, she makes a very pretty picture.

From the financial point of view, many of the most active and successful beauty racketeers conduct their traffic from small back-street offices.

The address appears in advertisements as an "institute" or "treatment centre."

Actually, the place is just a mail order depot, staffed by girl clerks, who distribute the infallible specifics to clients in the same way as a shop assistant will sell vegetables.

The principal attends the office to collect cheques and postal orders, and to keep a supervising eye on the clerks.

Commodities he sells are bought in bulk from manufacturing chemists and labelled with fancy names.

Letters of "personal, private advice" to customers are taken from a stock series kept on the files—Letter A for this case, Letter B for that.

And remember this about the majority of declared slimming remedies which are swallowed.

They are usually normal laxatives in disguise. They have no injurious effects, but they have, also, no real effect for the purpose they claim.

But as "secret, patented remedies," they may cost three guineas a course.

Under other labels they can be bought from a local chemist for a few pence.

Dishonesty lies in representing such household aperients as working miracles in weight reduction, and in charging to correspond with the advertised miracles.

Too-free use of these purges, however, can bring serious health troubles.

Most dangerous of the "slimmers" are gland extracts, unless taken under the supervision of a doctor. They often create a disordered action of the heart.

Chronic nervousness and insomnia are also caused. The woman who has followed the "cure" becomes a wreck.

Skin pouches where the subcutaneous tissue has been dissolved by the drastic action of the preparation.

It is vital that no woman should accept a glandular injection treatment for obesity except under the care of her own doctor.

Unguents, lotions and creams used for slimming have no particular efficacy nor any real harmful effect.

Massage does the work, not the application.

For developing the figure there is little which is *both effective and safe*.

Slight results are possible by massage with some embrocation substance, from which the skin absorbs fat.

But the effect is only temporary and shrinkage soon takes place, to cause unsightliness.

There is only one way of producing a tangible change in form, which is by the application of a preparation which stimulates the mammary glands and causes swelling.

Artificial stimulation in this way is bad, all doctors agree. *It should never be attempted, for the reactions may bring about serious functional disturbances.*

Staggering bunkum is published in advertisements and circulars about agents for facial beautifying.

Lustrous, "magnetic" eyes (it is too ridiculous, really!) are offered to any woman who will buy—price according to the grade of customer.

A working girl may, for two shillings, buy the same stuff for which the wife of a prosperous business man—dealing through a different source—pays half a guinea or more.

Permanent damage to the eyes will result from the too-free use of some of the lotions sold.

One preparation guaranteed to grow eyelashes half an inch long in a fortnight is nothing more than scented petroleum jelly.

Cost of a tube is 5s.—the actual value less than a penny.

Dangerous Dye

Medical officers of health in all parts of the country are advising doctors in their districts to watch for cases of illness due to beauty treatments.

Hair-dyes which depend on a chemical with a dreadful name—paraphenylenediamine—may give rise in susceptible people to severe dermatitis of the scalp, sometimes spreading to the face and even to the lungs, accompanied by general poisoning.

Fatalities have occurred from the application of this dye. The dangerous nature of the chemical is so well recognised in Germany that its use is prohibited.

Not so in England. Here dyes with a derivative of the chemical are fairly common.

There is, unfortunately, often no clue in the name of a preparation to warn users of the presence of the dangerous constituents.

Beauty practitioners and their customers may use the dye in ignorance of the terrible effect it may cause.

Some face powders and face lotions—according to a report by the Ministry of Health—are also capable of causing dermatitis in certain circumstances.

A remarkable form of dermatitis in which dark or black streaks appear on the skin sometimes results from the use of an astringent spirit and subsequent exposure to the sun's rays.

This has been named by doctors "berlock" dermatitis.

Diseases of the skin, likely to cause dangerous complications, also result from the use of unsuitable and carelessly-prepared lotions for the removal of hairs.

Reputable firms which deal in cosmetics and beauty preparations have well-organised chemical research departments. It is impossible for dangerous drugs and chemicals to enter into the blending of well-known proprietary products. As much care is taken in their composition as in the manufacture of branded foods.

It is the quack practitioner, with one desire—quick money-getting—whose remedies are open to suspicion.

Drastic regulations are needed to curb the activities of the beauty racketeers, and only the Ministry of Health can deal adequately with this matter by precautions covering the whole country.

The London County Council, under its local powers, keeps strict supervision over massage and kindred establishments.

All such places must be licensed, and frequent visits are paid to them by the London County Council inspectors.

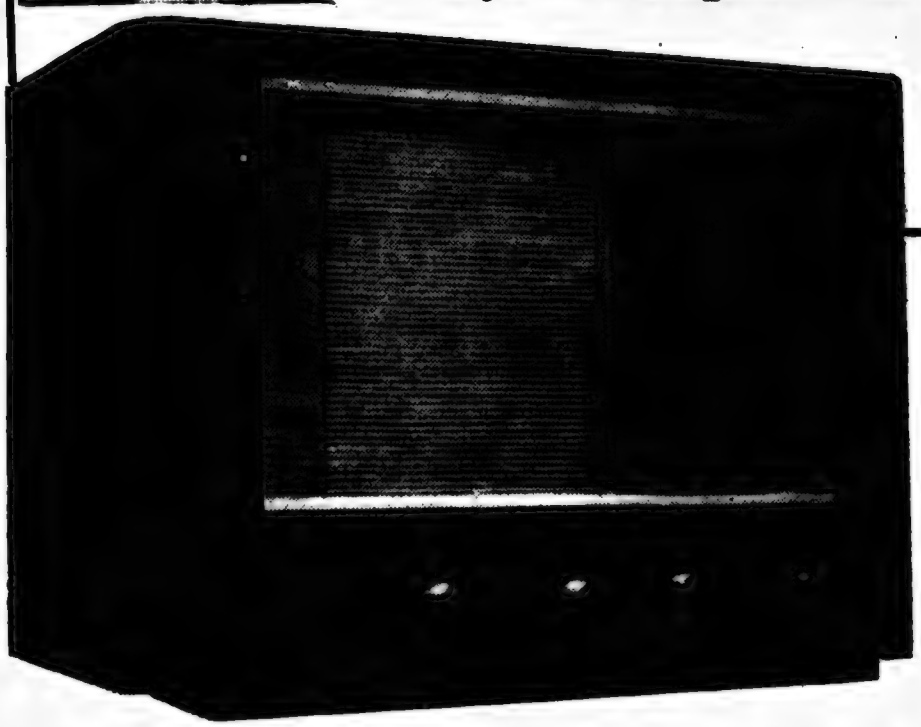
But the beauty quack, sitting in his "institute," or back-room office, can broadcast harm with impunity. He can ruin lives.

Don't let him ruin yours!

Not less than £60,000,000 a year is spent on cosmetics and beauty culture. Much of this goes to the racketeers

Here's MIGHT without MAINS

says Christopher Stone



HERE are two really first-class battery sets that Bush have brought out, and very pleased I am about it. Living in the country as I do, I have to be a battery set listener — and I have the welfare of the "battery listener" very much at heart. You will notice a difference of 2½ guineas in the price of these receivers. That is the difference between listening 'first class' and 'Pullman'.

The B.A. 53 is a veritable 'Pullman' of a receiver — or I might say a 'Push-Pullman'! Not only has it a Push-Pull Output stage that produces magnificent results (and I mean that seriously) but it also has the wonderful Bush 'Teleflic' dial that makes life so easy for would-be ether-trotters.

When I read the specification, I find it hard to see how Bush can sell the other set, **the B.A.51, for 9½ gns.**—but there it is. If I were you I'd be round at my Bush dealer's tonight.

ALL-WAVE MODEL B.A.53. (above)
4-valve, seven-stage battery superhet with six tuned circuits. Unique "Teleflic" dial for short-wave logging. "Push-Pull" output ensuring quality reproduction. Low current consumption. Continuously variable tone control. Provision for pick-up and remote speaker. Luxurious walnut cabinet. Price (complete with batteries) **12** *GNS. CASH*
On popular payments £1 deposit, 3/9 a week.

ALL-WAVE MODEL B.A.51. (top right)
A four-valve, seven-stage battery superhet with six tuned circuits. Large, clear station-calibrated tuning dial. Wave-ranges :— Short 16-51, Medium 198-560, Long 850--2000 metres. Low current consumption of 10 m.a. Provision for pick-up and remote speaker. Attractive, highly-polished cabinet. Price (complete with batteries) **9½** *GNS. CASH*
On popular payments £1 deposit, 2/11 a week.

Bush

THE SYMBOL OF RELIABLE
RADIO

POST THIS COUPON (in ½d. unsealed envelope)
To Bush Radio Ltd., Dept. J.B. 168, Power Rd., Chiswick, London, W.4.
Please send me full details of the Bush Models B.A. 51 and B.A. 53. Also name of nearest Appointed Dealer.

Name .....

Address.....

For prices in Eire apply *Distributors for Eire :* R. Marks Ltd., 27 Upper Liffey St., Dublin.

reyds

Without Fear or Favour

Ex-Service Men in Need

ONE hundred thousand Forgotten Men will soon be in the news.

They are physically unfit, unable to work, poverty-stricken, prematurely aged.

Life for them is a daily round of ill-health and humiliation.

They are the ex-Service men who should be getting pensions but are not.

Thousands of them are in and out of hospitals. More than ninety-four thousand are too disabled to work. Nearly twenty thousand are always ill.

After two years' investigation, the British Legion is once more trying to secure justice for them.

A deputation will shortly impress upon the Prime Minister the urgent need to relieve their suffering, to save them from the indignities of the Means Test.

It will demand State help for all those who are in need. It will urge that all pensioners should be brought within the scope of the Unemployment Assistance Board and spared from the frequent enquiries into their means.

JOHN BULL, the ex-Service man's Champion, endorses those demands.

And, has it not occurred to Mr. Hore-Belisha that neglect and ill-treatment of the men who fought for Britain in the past act as a deterrent to possible recruits to offer their services?

Snail's Pace in the Air

Wrapped up in the report of the Cadman Committee is a bitter pill for our rulers.

The calm, searching criticism it contains should blow sky-high the complacency of our muddle-headed bureaucrats who have strangled British civil aviation for years.

No wonder the Government has hesitated to make it public!

It tells how, despite the way your money has been frittered on subsidies, we lag behind every other great country in commercial flying.

Not only have nearly all British aircraft designers and producers been fully occupied for some time on Air Force work.

Not only have the air liners of other countries left ours far behind in speed, technical improvements and general efficiency.

But the Air Ministry demands seven years' service from types adopted by Imperial Airways before they are considered obsolete.

Most foreign air lines replace machines every three or four years!

The Committee makes it plain that Britain will find it almost impossible to make up the lost ground. In other words, charges often made, but indignantly refuted by Air Ministry spokesmen, are held to be justified.

Which means that British civil air policy should be drastically altered.

Netting the Legal Sharks

Impossible to estimate the misery that will be prevented if rogues who use the law are put out of business!

After years of pleading in these columns, this reform is within sight.

The Law Society is determined to save the public from legal sharks. War is declared on fraudulent solicitors.

We congratulate its president and members. We shall watch with interest its plans to clean up a great and honourable profession that has been besmirched by a few scallywags.

Central fund is proposed to make good any defalcations by solicitors. That might be an excellent remedy if worked on an insurance basis under supervision by the Law Society.

Another idea is that no solicitor shall have his practising certificate renewed unless he produces auditor's report that his books are in order.

That might interfere with organisation in many solicitors' offices, but such details can be overcome.

Let us emphasise again that two trustees should be required when a client's goods and negotiable property are concerned.

These plans can be thrashed out in open debate. The essential point is that the public is to be protected at last against the wiles of embezzling and swindling lawyers.

And that is a reform we can all praise.

OPEN LETTERS

By burning his political boats, he has proved himself an Elder Statesman

DEAR MR. CHURCHILL,—By burning your political boats you have, nevertheless, established for ever your reputation for sincerity.

Before you made your speech in defence of Mr. Eden, it was well known in the highest political circles that you would soon be asked to take a seat on the Front Treasury Bench.

Not only were you certain to join the Cabinet, but one of the most important posts in the country was expected to be offered you—that of Minister for the Co-ordination of Defence.

* * *

It is a Ministry for which your talent, your experience of military and naval affairs, your knowledge of departmental organsation, are peculiarly fitted.

When it was created, your breach with the Conservative leaders had not been completely healed. You were passed over.

Lately, however, it became certain that your obvious claims to high office could not be neglected much longer.

Now, by speaking your mind so incisively and courageously, you have made it highly probable that for a long time to come you will scarcely be popular with the present Government.

I have often differed with your views in the past. I do not suppose I shall always agree with you in the future.

But, having no Party ties, I am always eager to applaud those who set their convictions higher than Party principles.

You were, of course, entirely logical in that notable speech. You have, throughout your career, been a warm friend of France. Your hatred of the Dictators is well known. Your support of the League of Nations is no mere lip-service.

Yet, though you were only maintaining your old standpoint in attacking the Government's Italian policy, you displayed an indifference to personal prospects not often found in political controversies.

We shall always expect that from an Elder Statesman.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. ELLIS SMITH, M.P.,
Stoke-on-Trent

DEAR MR. ELLIS SMITH,—When you question the President of the Board of Trade next week, you may get some satisfaction from him.

But I doubt it.

Japanese firms are pirating British designs of crockery and china, you complain.

More, they stamp the goods in such a way as to give the impression that they are made in England, and then export them to this country.

I can assure you that this impudent trick is not confined to crockery.

Leather goods, toys, fabrics—all are grist to the artful mills of Japan. Why, not long ago I had to warn my readers that a Japanese town had been renamed Macclesfield, so that silks could be exported here as genuine Macclesfield materials!

Nevertheless, our Whitehall Weary Willies seem content to doze over the problem.

Fraudulently stamped cargoes are not stopped. No protest, even of the mildest diplomatic variety, is made to the astute rulers of the Land of the Rising Sun.

Even if our Government cannot prevent the Japanese snatching Chinese territory, it can prevent them from snatching British jobs.

May you succeed in getting this done!—JOHN BULL.

Capt. G. E. T. EYSTON,
Record-breaking Motorist

DEAR CAPT. EYSTON,—Everyone who admires pluck and skill will be interested to hear that you are taking your car, *Thunderbolt*, to the United States again in three months' time.

Once more you will pit your eyes and hands against Death in an effort to travel faster on land than man has ever done before.

We all remember the astonishing story of how you established a world record by driving at 311.42 miles an hour.

How you had only one hand on the wheel, the other keeping your goggles in position. How you had to exert superhuman skill to prevent the giant car from leaping off its course and hurling you to destruction.

You want to go one better. More, you may try to get back the Harmsworth motor-boat speed trophy, now held by America.

Well, you are one of the finest living examples of British doggedness and determination. Your car embodies the best achievements of British technical skill in design and production.

So, in a way, you will return to the United States as an ambassador. And as such you will have the best wishes of us all.—JOHN BULL.

Lord RUSHCLIFFE,
Chairman, Unemployment Assistance Board

MY LORD,—Reports from many parts of the country convince me that your Board still tolerates harshness and injustice of the worst forms.

Let me remind you of just two recent examples:

Robert Doyle, an Arbroath fisherman, returned from sea after five days' work. He drew no wages, because the trip had not been a success. He found his child ill, no food in the house.

Yet he was denied public assistance.

Archibald Smith, a fisherman of the same district, returned from sea in the same circumstances. His plight was aggravated by the fact that his wife was expecting a baby within a few days.

He, too, was denied aid.

Your officials will, I dare say, discover some ingenious excuse to justify their parsimony. To me, it is inconceivable that such things can be tolerated by your Board, though I am aware that they can be matched by scores of cases no less callous and inexplicable.

May I remind you that the title of your organisation is the Unemployment *Assistance* Board?—JOHN BULL.

Mr. JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES,
King's College, Cambridge

DEAR MR. KEYNES,—You are one of the few economists trusted by the public.

You predicted the deplorable results of the Peace Treaty and reparations. You forecast the slump due to our leaving the gold standard. Nearly always, indeed, you have been right.

Now you assure us that no trade slump is likely in the near future, and your heartening though qualified views will be welcomed everywhere.

But you add, significantly, that the authorities "should become more slump-conscious. We could sleep more easily in our beds if we felt that they were sleeping less easily in theirs."

An excellent and timely warning!

Even though the trade barometer is set fair, the Government must not be allowed to forget that gaunt workless army of 1,800,000 persons.

No one can pretend that Britain is a land of milk and honey while large industrial areas are barren.

We want great schemes of essential public works put in hand to relieve the distress of our unemployed, to insure against a future trade decline, and to increase our prosperity.—JOHN BULL.

DEARER FOOD RAISES NEW HOUSEKEEPING PROBLEM!

How to cut supper costs without cutting nourishment

One cup of Bournville Cocoa contains food value of 2 eggs

Husband, wife, three kiddies... and suppertime. It's the big meal of the day, the meal that means to-night's sleep and to-morrow's energy. And Cocoa gives both. The Greenes thrive on it. Supper-time cocoa costs them about 8d. a week. Just the thing in these days of expensive food.

Mrs. Osborn has plenty of work to do around the house. But Bournville Cocoa keeps her going strong. Washdays are soon over if you are feeling fit.

Jenny Osborn's at the top of her form at school and at home! Mentally alert, physically healthy, full of energy. That's Cocoa! Mummy knitted this costume for her with six ozs. of wool, a gift from Cadbury's for 25 cocoa coupons.

With the price of foods rising, what is the careful housewife to do? She must give her family the nourishment they need. Where can she find high food-content and low prices?

Cocoa is the answer. Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa. Fine, nourishing, body-building, energy-giving, delicious. 28 cups for 6d. Food and drink in the same cup. Bournville for supper is almost a meal in itself—a cup made with milk has the food value of two fresh eggs.

Millions of housewives are finding this solution to their problem. Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa.

A cup of cocoa is a cup of food

Cadbury's
BOURNVILLE COCOA

6d. per ¼ lb. tin
11d. per ½ lb. tin

Gift Coupons in every tin. Over 4,000 gifts posted a day to users of Bournville Cocoa.

For Inner Cleanliness take Andrews regularly. That's the first step to beauty, because it's the first step to health. Delicious to drink, effervescing and refreshing, Andrews Liver Salt cleanses the mouth, the throat and the stomach. As the sparkling draught of Andrews courses through your body it tones the liver, helps the kidneys. Finally, it completes your Inner Cleanliness by gently and naturally clearing the system. That is the deep down Inner Cleanliness which only Andrews gives. For glowing health, a clear skin, red lips, bright eyes, get your own tin of Andrews today. 4 oz. tin 9D. 8 oz. tin 1/4.

When days are cold try Andrews with the chill off

For Inner Cleanliness be regular with your

ANDREWS LIVER SALT

44

When you buy goods that are advertised in "John Bull"—you get the Very Best!

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 27.

PEARL
ASSURANCE COMPANY LTD.

(Incorporated in England).

HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1.

SIR GEORGE TILLEY, F.C.I.I.,
President and Chairman.

SEVENTY-FOURTH ANNUAL REPORT FOR YEAR ENDING 31st DECEMBER, 1937.

TOTAL INCOME	**£19,808,275**
CLAIMS PAID	**£116,819,546**
FUNDS	**£100,101,697**

ORDINARY BRANCH BONUS.

A simple Reversionary Bonus of £2-0-0 per cent. has been declared on Pearl Policies entitled to participate in full profits.

INDUSTRIAL BRANCH BONUS.

A sum of £785,640 has been set aside to provide Reversionary Bonuses to Policies, with certain exceptions, effected before 1st January, 1931.

Who Sups with il Duce —needs a long spoon!

● "Liquidating" Britain is the aim of the Dictators, says "A. G. G.," writing on the Chamberlain-Eden crisis.

But will the offering of Eden's head upon a charger placate the Italian dictator? Abyssinia is bleeding his country white and over the Brenner Pass looms the shadow of Hitler.

by A. G. Gardiner

Premier Chamberlain—"he has embarked on a feast with Mussolini."

"WHO sups with the devil needs a long spoon." I am old enough to remember when Joseph Chamberlain, applying this adage to Russia, sent a shudder through the Chancelleries of Europe.

To-day, his son may well be reminded of his father's indiscretion. For he has embarked on a feast at which he "needs a long spoon."

Whatever view we take of the Chamberlain-Eden clash, now that the Anglo-Italian conversations are entered on all responsible opinion must hope for a happy issue.

The world trembles on the brink of dangerous possibilities, and lesser controversies must be subordinated to the task of averting the peril.

Wisely or unwisely, Mr. Chamberlain has taken a great risk.

He has dropped a Foreign Minister who had won the confidence of the country and the respect of the world by the firmness and courage of his policy.

And he has dropped him in circumstances that have left a feeling of humiliation that this proud country has seldom experienced.

★ ★ ★

For months past the dictators—and especially Mussolini—had been demanding the fall of Mr. Eden, and, though it would be unjust to Mr. Chamberlain to suppose that this influenced his action, the public has not unnaturally put the two things together as cause and effect.

But in the eyes of the world we have suffered the humiliation of allowing the Italian dictator to say who shall or shall not direct the policy of this country.

This slur upon our prestige and much else will be wiped out only if Mr. Chamberlain's gamble comes off.

If he can show as a result of the conversations that the world situation has improved, that the menace that hangs over the Mediterranean has been lifted, and that the Italian dictator has really ceased his anti-British activities, his gamble will be justified.

He will have proved that he was right and that Mr. Eden was wrong.

And all of us who put first things first will rejoice, whether we were pro-Eden or pro-Chamberlain.

But if the conversations fail, the position will be worsened by the failure.

The humiliations of last week will have been incurred in vain, and Mr. Chamberlain's prestige will be at zero. And, with it, the prestige of his Government.

★ ★ ★

The issue hangs on one thing and one thing only.

Is the heart of the Duce undergoing a real change? Have events, internal and external, led him to reconsider his position and vary his course?

Is he unalterably attached to the Rome-Berlin-Tokyo axis, or is he contemplating a bargain with the democracies?

He cannot ride both horses. He may skip from saddle to saddle for a time, but in the end he must settle in one.

Hitherto his policy has been only too clear. It is fiercely anti-British. His governing ambitions are the revival of the Roman Empire and the dominion of the Mediterranean.

It is the latter which brings him into conflict with us.

The freedom of the Mediterranean is vital to France, and, indeed, to the whole world, but it is the very life-blood of the British system.

The Mediterranean is our route to Egypt, to India, to the Far East, to Australasia

Any interference with its free passage would disintegrate the British Empire.

It is the pursuit of this ambition that explains Mussolini's activities in Spain, in the Balearic Islands, his concentration of troops on the Egyptian frontier of Libya, and the conversion of the small island of Pantelleria, that commands the narrow channel south of Sicily, into a fortress that gives him a strangle-hold on the free passage of the Mediterranean.

He has made no concealment of the fact that Britain is his Enemy No. 1 in the Mediterranean, and through his broadcasts and his controlled Press he has carried on a campaign of vilification of this country unprecedented in the international relations of friendly Powers.

It is this Mediterranean objective that has linked him first with Berlin and now with Japan.

Each of the militant nations which has repudiated the League and resorted to "power politics" has the achievement of a separate hegemony in view.

Japan seeks the hegemony of the *Far East*. Hitler the hegemony of Central and South-eastern Europe. Mussolini the hegemony of the Mediterranean.

Behind the separate aims is the common purpose of "liquidating" the British system.

These are not speculations. They are openly and officially declared, especially in Japan and Italy.

This is the situation that has led Mr. Chamberlain to enter into negotiations with Italy to see if at least one limb of the axis can be neutralised.

It may be a vain hope, but in the dark circumstances I cannot say that it is a hope that should not be exploited.

And there are considerations that may well give that hope reality.

In the first place, there is the economic and financial situation.

★ ★ ★

Italy is a poor country, and the Duce's vast adventures have bled it white. There is nothing coming in from them.

Abyssinia may ultimately pay, but at present and for years to come it is and will be a staggering burden on the back of Italy. Mussolini has bitten off more than he can chew, and he must digest slowly or face either an internal catastrophe or a face-saving war.

May he not play for safety?

And there is Berchtesgaden! In his dramatic *coup* in Austria Hitler flouted Mussolini by acting without a "by your leave"—apparently even without telling him he was going to act.

Mussolini is a dictator like himself, and no dictator can afford to be insulted.

But there is much more than personal dignity involved.

Austria is a bone of contention between Germany and Italy, and under the defunct Stresa agreement Italy was made in a special sense the guardian of Austrian independence.

The bone of contention had seemed to be buried and forgotten when the two dictators agreed to embrace each other and go hunting together.

★ ★ ★

But now it is disinterred, and the shadow of Germany will soon look down from the Brenner Pass upon the quarter of a million German-speaking people whom it is the declared policy of Hitler to emancipate.

That is a fact which may well disquiet the Duce in his embarrassed position and encourage him to reinsure elsewhere, even with the Western democracies.

They do not menace him anywhere, but Germany will be an uncomfortable neighbour not only in the Southern Tyrol, but later in Yugo-Slavia.

All this may incline Mussolini to a real change of attitude.

If it does, a more hopeful set of conditions, affecting not only Italy but Germany, might be inaugurated.

It would be folly to nurse extravagant hopes. The past is too plain a warning for that. But the hope exists, and the conversations now in progress will soon show whether it is justified.

Not from the B.B.C.

YOU'RE a bloomin' disgrace,
And I'm telling you flat!
I don't like your suit
And I don't like your hat;
On shirts you're not strong,
And a whole comic song
Could be built on your tie, which is laughably wrong!

If your overcoat flops
And you don't sport a glove,
You really can't hope
For a Good Woman's love!
Far too long you've been
A blot on the scene,
So pull up your socks—yes, it's you that I mean!

Remember—You Have Been Warned!

So it will be no use pleading you thought the traffic cop was merely exchanging the Fascist salute with an old public school colleague.

It is, indeed, plain that the tailors of England are in no mood to stand nonsense from the likes of you.

Says their spokesman, Mr. Richard Ormond (of Duke Street, S.W., no less!): "Too many men go about hatless, gloveless and coatless. They do not seem to be aware of their obligations to dress smartly, correctly and with taste."

So 1,000 firms have combined to launch what is described as "a nation-wide drive" to bring us to our sartorial senses.

Sorry we don't suit

For, as our Mr. Ormond laments: "Few men have any taste nowadays in blending ties and suitings."

Miss Helen Armitage, the dressmaker (of Regent Street, at that!), is even more poignant. "It is heartbreaking," she sobs, "the way men go about carelessly dressed with clashing suits and ties."

The trouble, of course, is that we have never developed our ears—despite the abnormal length of some of them. A trained ear would at once distort the discord created by an old school tie, produced in technicolour, worn in juxtaposition to a wife who is a symphony in grenadine and cavalry blue, if you know what I mean. "Any woman," says Miss Armitage, "will tell you that she likes to choose her husband's clothes. She has always the better taste."

So it is really time that the boys of the bulldog breed developed a clothes sense, studying not only what suits them, but what blends with their feminine accessories.

As Mr. Ormond says: "How many men match their women?" So few that they could probably be counted on the fingers of one gloveless hand—a state of affairs which must inevitably have tragic consequences:

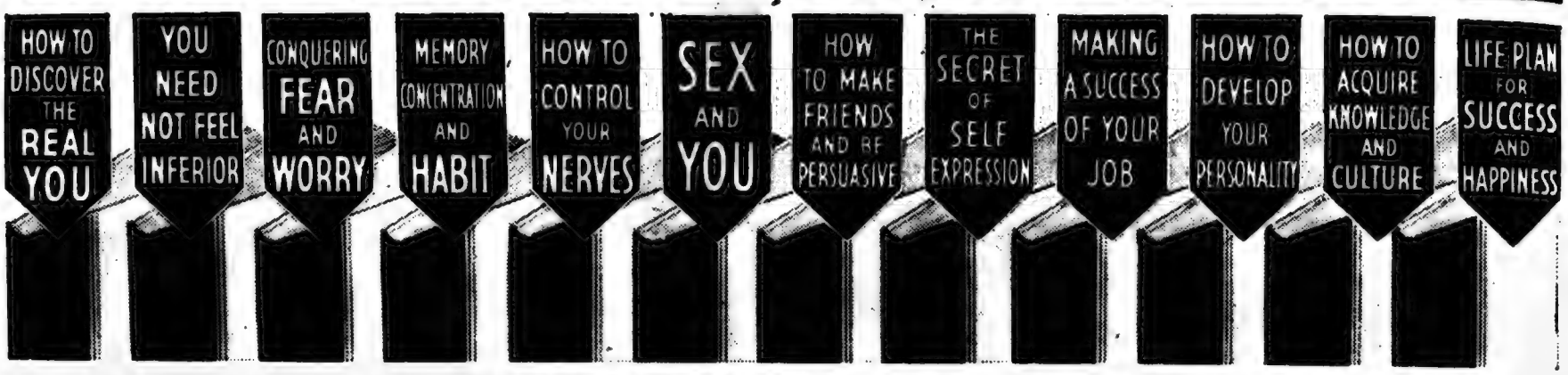
I own, Bill, that I love you
The best of all the batch
Of boys who've spent their coin on me;
But yet, alas! sartorially
We simply do not match!

Long dreary years of spinsterhood
Is all I see ahead;
For there's but one man that I know
Whose style in clothes with mine would go—
And Mr. Eden's wed!

Y. Z.

LIVE SUCCESSFULLY!

GREAT NEW PLAN TO HELP YOU GET THE MOST OUT OF LIFE


HOW TO DISCOVER THE REAL YOU
YOU NEED NOT FEEL INFERIOR
CONQUERING FEAR AND WORRY
MEMORY CONCENTRATION AND HABIT
HOW TO CONTROL YOUR NERVES
SEX AND YOU
HOW TO MAKE FRIENDS AND BE PERSUASIVE
THE SECRET OF SELF EXPRESSION
MAKING A SUCCESS OF YOUR JOB
HOW TO DEVELOP YOUR PERSONALITY
HOW TO ACQUIRE KNOWLEDGE AND CULTURE
LIFE PLAN FOR SUCCESS AND HAPPINESS

FINAL OPPORTUNITY FOR "JOHN BULL" READERS

to secure this wonderful

£5·5·0 COURSE PRACTICALLY AS A GIFT

"LIVE SUCCESSFULLY," the Great Wonderful New Plan for Everyone, is sweeping the country!—This week, owing to the tremendous Nation-wide demand, "JOHN BULL" READERS ARE GIVEN THIS FINAL OPPORTUNITY TO PARTICIPATE IN THIS AMAZING PERSONAL SERVICE. "LIVE SUCCESSFULLY" IS A PLAN SPECIALLY DESIGNED TO SHOW EVERY MAN AND WOMAN, YOUNG AND OLD, WHATEVER THEIR CIRCUMSTANCES, HOW TO GET THE MOST OUT OF LIFE! The Plan takes the form of a fascinating COURSE for which you would in the ordinary way pay at least £5 5s.—yet, in view of its truly National Importance, the COMPLETE COURSE WHICH IS CONTAINED IN TWELVE INVALUABLE BOOKS IS YOURS PRACTICALLY AS A GIFT! In order that you may begin right away and see for yourself the amazing possibilities of the Course, THE FIRST OF THE TWELVE BOOKS, ENTITLED "HOW TO DISCOVER THE REAL YOU," WILL BE SENT TO YOU IMMEDIATELY ON RECEIPT OF THE FORMS BELOW. The remaining Eleven Books will be sent to you one every fortnight. "John Bull's" advice is to seize this further opportunity before it's too late. Post Forms below at once!

Read below the brief outline of this wonderful Course, see what it means to you!

BOOK No. 1. "HOW TO DISCOVER THE REAL YOU."—You learn how to find and develop the hidden riches within you—you discover your *real* self—your true character—your type—your "assets"—your real interests and plan in life. You will make great discoveries about yourself.

BOOK No. 2. "YOU NEED NOT FEEL INFERIOR."—This book explains the causes of what is, to many, a great handicap in life—the "Inferiority Feeling"—shows you how to overcome the "Inferiority Feeling"—how to gain supremacy and confidence—the Right Way to Work in Life—Methods of Self Encouragement.

BOOK No. 3. "CONQUERING FEAR AND WORRY."—In this next great step you learn how to face life—how to combat morbid fears, how to defeat worry, doubt and self-consciousness and receive the poise that adds a thousandfold to happiness.

BOOK No. 4. "MEMORY, CONCENTRATION AND HABIT."—Shows you how you can use and control your imagination—how to cultivate and increase your will-power—improve your powers of concentration and attention—develop a better memory—reason soundly—judge wisely—plan skilfully.

BOOK No. 5. "HOW TO CONTROL YOUR NERVES."—This Book shows you how to relax—how to adjust your life to the stresses and strain of modern living—how to combat the overwrought feeling. In this Book you learn some valuable secrets about anything the right outlook in life.

BOOK No. 6. "SEX AND YOU."—The previous sections will have prepared you for the vital knowledge in this book. It shows you the importance of Sex in almost everything you do. It reveals in a frank, intimate, yet pleasant, manner the great part played by Sex in your life.

BOOK No. 7. "HOW TO MAKE FRIENDS AND BE PERSUASIVE."—This inspiring Section of the Course tells you how to make people *like* you—how to understand your fellows—how to judge them—how to "put yourself across"—how to interest, convince and persuade those with whom you come in contact.

BOOK No. 8. "THE SECRET OF SELF-EXPRESSION."—This Book reveals the secret of one of the most important accomplishments of everyday life—how to keep up-to-date with your years—how to get to achieve ambition—how to choose the right hobby—how to say what you mean effectively in speech or writing.

BOOK No. 9. "MAKING A SUCCESS OF YOUR JOB."—This Section helps you to discover whether you are in the right job—it tells how to look for work and how to write for it or conduct yourself in an interview. It shows you how to improve your position—fit yourself for responsibility—get the "knack" of leadership.

BOOK No. 10. "HOW TO DEVELOP YOUR PERSONALITY."—This Book shows you how to develop and create in yourself a marked, pleasing personality—You learn how to co-operate and make your life harmonize with those around you—how to control your emotions and strengthen your character—how to be a person whose presence is "felt."

BOOK No. 11. "HOW TO ACQUIRE KNOWLEDGE AND CULTURE."—Here in this Section is the Plan for enriching your mind—thinking accurately—understanding people and affairs—benefiting from everything you read—broadening your mind—getting a "background."

BOOK No. 12. "LIFE PLAN FOR SUCCESS AND HAPPINESS."—This final Section is one of the most vital of all. Here are the governing secrets of paramount importance to the Plan you will have developed. This Book shows you how you stand on the threshold of "Living Successfully." You will see clearly the way to your real Life Plan. You will see how many of the troubles of life can be overcome. You will learn how to get full value from the various Sections of the Course, and to come at last to a great understanding of the art of "Living Successfully."

Never before has a COURSE such as this been available for everyone. By starting this Plan you commit yourself to nothing—you are under no obligation to continue—but when you get the first Book you will be eager to explore the next and the next, right up to Book 12, which introduces to you the "Life Plan for Success and Happiness."

Let us tell you something about the Course! What it is! What it can do! How it works! Section by Section, the complete Course helps you to discover the vast possibilities within you—your hidden talents and powers. It will inspire you to do things that now seem beyond your ability. It encourages you, broadens your outlook, stimulates your mind, helps you to look at life differently. **In short—this Course shows to you the real secrets of living—revealing to you many things you never knew before.**

The Course is simplicity itself, **anyone can follow it!** Look, in the panel on the left, at the brief outline showing the scope of this great Course.

Each Book is accompanied by SEALED Questions and Answers so that you can test your progress as you go along.

The 12 Books in this Course are in a handy pocket size form. Each Book is perfectly printed in clear type, and has stiff, strong covers printed in colours.

DO THIS NOW

This invaluable Course is the exclusive copyright of the "Daily Herald." It comes to you Section by Section—each costing practically nothing!

All you do is to Reserve the Course at once by completing and sending in Reservation Form and Label below as directed. On receipt of the Form and Label, together with FOURPENCE in stamps, the "Daily Herald" will immediately send you your First Book together with your Eleven Official Vouchers entitling you WITHOUT OBLIGATION to obtain the remaining Eleven Books. At the same time arrangements will be made for your Eleven Books to be specially produced ready for dispatch to you—one every two weeks.

To secure your Second Book you merely send in your Voucher No. 2, together with *fourpence in stamps*, and twelve tokens cut from twelve consecutive daily issues of the "Daily Herald," and your Second Book is then dispatched immediately to you. You do the same for your Third Book—the same for your Fourth—and so on, until you have the complete 12 Sections of the Plan. That is all! There is nothing else whatever to do! Tokens eligible are the series "L.S." and will be found each day in the bottom right-hand corner of the back page of the "Daily Herald." You may begin at once collecting your tokens for your Second Book with the "L.S." token which appears in to-day's issue of the "Daily Herald."

You owe it to yourself and to your family to take advantage of this wonderful opportunity.

Post the Forms below for your First Book now and in order that you lose no time in continuing the Course, be sure to get to-day's "Daily Herald" and start right away collecting tokens for your Second Book.

POST THE FORMS BELOW AT ONCE

CUT HERE—DO NOT SEPARATE FORM AND LABEL

Complete **"LIVE SUCCESSFULLY"** *Course*
In Twelve Sections

FINAL RESERVATION FORM

THIS Form reserves the complete 12 Books of the Course in your name and brings you Book No. 1 immediately.

Address your envelope to the "Daily Herald" exactly as shown on the right

To: Reservation Dept. J.A.2., "Daily Herald," Neal Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2

The Label on the right must be enclosed with this Form. You must fill it in with your name and full postal address in block letters and affix a THREE-HALFPENNY stamp to the space provided. This Form and Label together with FOURPENCE IN STAMPS must be posted in a sealed envelope bearing a three-halfpenny stamp.

In accordance with your special offer, please reserve in my name without obligation the complete 12-Book "LIVE SUCCESSFULLY" Course.

Please send me BY RETURN the First Book, "HOW TO DISCOVER THE REAL YOU." I enclose FOURPENCE in stamps for my First Book. Together with Book No. 1 please send me also my Eleven Official Vouchers on which to qualify at intervals of two weeks for the other Eleven Books of the Course. I certify that I have NOT already reserved a complete Course under this Scheme.

Write clearly below in BLOCK LETTERS. Do not forget to enclose Fourpence in Stamps together with these Forms.

NAME .....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS .....

.....

DATE .....

LAST DAY FOR RECEIPT OF RESERVATIONS FROM THIS ANNOUNCEMENT IS TUESDAY, MARCH 15TH.

This offer applies only to Great Britain, Northern Ireland and Irish Free State. Applicants in Irish Free State will be required to pay any charges that may be levied. No person may apply for more than one complete "Live Successfully" Course.

"John Bull," 5/3/38.

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A 1½d. (THREE-HALF PENNY) Stamp MUST be firmly affixed here BY YOU

NAME .....

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If undelivered, please return to "Daily Herald," 23, Shelton St., London, W.C.2

J.L.S.2 | BOOK No. 1

Sir Wyndham Childs Unmasks a

Pools Rogue on the Run

CEDRIC WOOLCOCK has been a football pool promoter, an insurance expert, a company founder, a mortgagee, an employment specialist and "something in the building trade."

He possesses a glib tongue and a plausible manner. There is no doubt he is a crook and a rascal.

Cedric Woolcock, who has also been known as Wilcox, in May last year rented some offices at Broadway Chambers, Ludgate Hill, London, almost in the shadow of St. Paul's Cathedral.

There he began to trade in partnership with another under the name of Arnold Mason and Co., Builders' Mortgagees.

At first things appeared to prosper and there were a number of callers at 6, 7, 8, 12 and 13, Broadway Chambers, five numerals which actually indicated three rooms.

* * *

When rent became overdue Woolcock, with his winning way, managed to pacify the landlord into waiting for the arrears.

At this very time he launched two other enterprises—the "All Win Syndicate" and "Conduit Pools"—and sent out numerous circulars inviting the patronage of clients.

I do not know what was the fate of these two concerns, or what happened to the money of any who supported them.

For, just at the moment when the daily post was getting very considerable, and everybody concerned seemed very busy, the patience of the landlord was exhausted and he told Woolcock that he must either pay or go at once.

The bailiffs were put in, and in the end it was decided that distraint was not worth while.

Woolcock left Ludgate Hill in a hurry, having disposed of the furniture.

But before he departed there was a pathetic incident in the Broadway Chambers offices.

A man had been persuaded to invest a large sum in the "business" of Arnold Mason and Co. He visited the caretaker one day in an almost demented state of mind. He was so distressed that the porter thought he might do injury to himself in his desperation.

"I am a ruined man," was his heart-breaking cry. "It means the end of everything for me."

Quite a number of callers have been to the office to find out about the present whereabouts of Mr. Woolcock.

Two were police officers.

I have discovered that this man recently rented a one-room office in St. Paul's Churchyard and paid for the first week's rent with a cheque drawn on a Brighton branch of the Midland Bank. This came back dishonoured.

Woolcock had given as his home address a dwelling house in Theobalds Road, Gray's Inn, London, W.C. He certainly had stayed there for a few days. Incidentally, he paid the landlord by a similar cheque which came back from the bank.

* * *

When he tried to rent another office in the immediate neighbourhood, and the landlords demanded rent in advance, he became indignant that any doubt should be cast on his honour and almost stormed out of the estate agent's office.

Fortune had changed rapidly, it seemed. When he took the Theobalds Road room the proprietor thought Woolcock looked somewhat "down at the heel," which was in marked contrast to his appearance when he left Broadway Chambers. There he was always regarded as a well-dressed, neat, studious sort of fellow.

Maybe there was hidden wisdom in his drastic change of dress. Now, he was "on the run."

He has victimised many people with his indefatigable roguery.

In one instance he occupied offices in High Holborn, and talked of floating a concern called the Mutual Benefit Insurance Company with a capital of £5,000.

He got in touch with various people and told them that, of this sum, £4,000 had already been subscribed. He used the old trick of getting men to invest in return for promises of employment.

Of course there was no employment.

Once he was caught at his own game. He persuaded a victim to hand over a cheque for £75 on the pretence he was a builder with offices in Aldgate.

In order to negotiate this cheque quickly he handed it to a man who cashed it and disappeared!

Woolcock comes of good family. He went to a Cornish grammar school and at eighteen began to study for Holy Orders, first at St. Boniface College, Warminster, and afterwards at University College, Southampton.

His health gave way and he took to school teaching, holding appointments at Great Yarmouth and at an English school in Barcelona. Then he turned to living by his wits.

A year or two ago he was involved in a notorious smuggling case at Havant, in which a ship called the *Treffy* brought cargoes of contraband tobacco to England from abroad.

About three years ago he appeared before Mr. Dummett, the Bow Street magistrate, on a charge of obtaining money in a manner that was described as "a series of cruel frauds on men and women out of employment."

* * *

Mr. Dummett stated that he found it "difficult to describe Woolcock's methods in measured terms."

In front of me as I write is a document signed by Woolcock in which he actually admits having obtained money by false pretences.

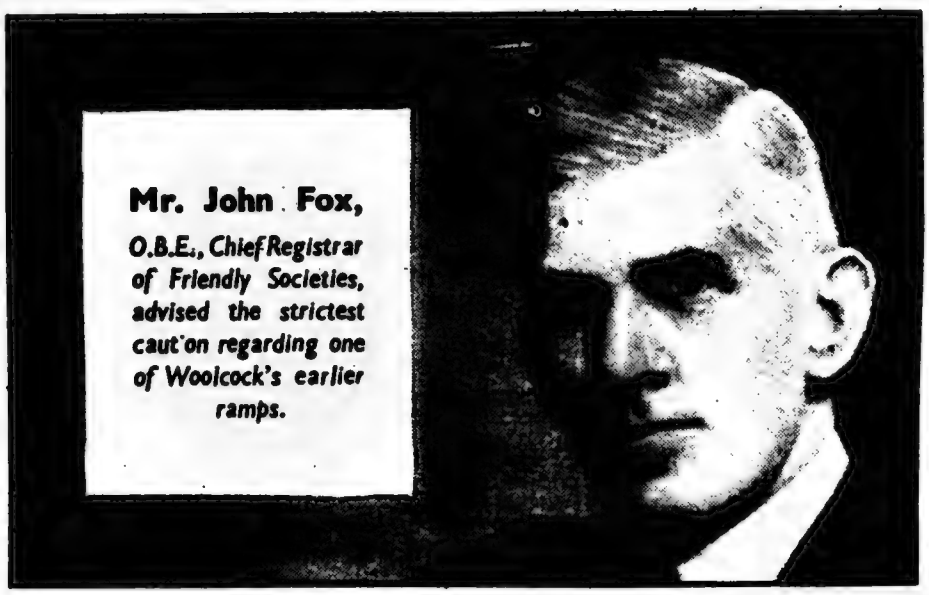
His reputation is so bad that he is barred at a well-known luncheon club which he used regularly to attend.

In another attempt to raise money he advertised for an "agency organiser" in a concern called the Employment and General Aid Association.

I am pleased to record that the Registrar of Friendly Societies, when his attention was drawn to this organisation, said it was not registered and advised the strictest caution.

In passing on that excellent advice to you all, I go a step further.

Have nothing whatsoever to do with this clever and dangerous impostor.



Mr. John Fox,

O.B.E., Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies, advised the strictest caution regarding one of Woolcock's earlier ramps.

Case for the King's Pardon

LEONARD CECIL BECK, aged eighteen, of 45, Edgbaston Road, Moseley, Birmingham, was recently sentenced by the lay magistrates at Bala, Merionethshire, to two months' hard labour.

A few days later he was taken from prison to a lunatic asylum in Birmingham, where he is now detained.

Leonard Beck is not a criminal. He has, indeed, been a young hero.

During almost the whole of the past twelve months the lad's father was a complete invalid, lying for long at death's door. Following an accident, he contracted in turn rheumatic fever, pneumonia and pleurisy.

During that time Mrs. Beck, the mother, also became bedridden.

In the daytime young Beck, by his employment, was the main support of the home.

In the evening and throughout the night for a year he did the housework and cooking and nursed and waited on his stricken parents.

Early this year they both recovered their health. But, after the sustained strain and severe taxation of his physical resources, Leonard began to show signs of severe debility.

His nervous system was affected. He came under medical treatment. Unfortunately, he refused to give in and take a rest. Following the long and costly illnesses of his father and mother, he wanted to improve the financial position of the home and insisted on continuing his employment.

On Saturday, Beck left the house as usual to go to work. Nothing was heard about him until late next night.

Then a police officer called on the father and informed him that his son was in custody at Bala, in North Wales, a hundred miles away, on charges of stealing a motor-van and a bicycle.

No other information was available—and none was forthcoming until many days later.

It is best to interpolate here, however, what had happened.

Young Beck's condition had suddenly become worse. Instead of going to his work place he had wandered to the outskirts of Birmingham.

There is no doubt that the youth was quite unaware of his actions. Doctors are satisfied on that point.

Outside the city he came on an unattended tradesman's motor-van and drove away in it.

Most remarkable is the fact that he had never driven a motor vehicle of any kind before and had no more knowledge of handling one other than he had acquired from books and by observation.

Yet he drove this van for hours without mishap through five counties from Birmingham into a remote part of Wales along some of the most dangerous roads in the country and over mountain passes he was seeing for the first time.

He abandoned the van when the petrol was exhausted.

Then he appropriated a pedal bicycle and, still unconscious of what he was doing or where he was going, continued his journey until he collapsed.

Police found him in a pitiable state, wearing only a thin cotton shirt, trousers and a linen smock. They took the lad to Bala, recognising that he was seriously ill.

Beyond his name and address he could give no other information. The only statement he made and kept repeating was to the effect that there had been trouble at home—allusions to the ordeal of supporting and nursing his sick parents which he had gone through with such fortitude.

Now let us go back to the visit of the police to the father on the Sunday night.

As soon as he heard the unexplained news Mr. Beck went to the doctor who had been treating his son and obtained a certificate regarding his condition.

The father, unable to travel himself, rushed this report by the midnight mail to the authorities at Bala.

Too late!

Before the message arrived the magistrates had dealt with the case.

They had convicted Beck and sentenced him to two months' hard labour.

When the lad was received by the governor of Shrewsbury jail, that officer and the prison doctor saw at once that it was far from being a case for penal punishment.

But they were in a dilemma. The only course open to them to have him removed from jail for adequate treatment was to certify him as insane!

That was done. Labelled as a lunatic, young Beck was taken to a Birmingham asylum. Of course he is not and never has been insane.

A grave and gross injustice has been done by the conviction, and the only way out is to obtain for this boy the King's pardon.

I appeal to Sir Samuel Hoare to take immediate steps to this end.

Oh, Really, Mr. Todd!

"MY Evening Prayer."

This is the title of a pathetic little poem, composed by one T. Todd, Litt.D., of Eastcote Road, Ruislip, Middlesex.

A retired major has kindly forwarded "My Evening Prayer" on to me. It is printed on a blue slip of paper, and was sent to him direct by Mr. Todd with a stereotyped letter which explained that he felt sure that the poem would find "an echo of your own feelings and impressions."

* * *

"I am an elderly educated man, fallen upon adversity and approaching the allotted 'span of life,'" writes Mr. Todd. "My sole source of existence and only solace in life is my gift of poetry.

"If 'My Evening Prayer' appeals, will you please purchase it at what you may think it is poetically worth . . . and so fulfil for me that petition in our Lord's Prayer, 'Give us this day our daily bread,' which I so anxiously supplicate?"

The retired major very wisely wrote to Mr. T. Todd, Litt.D., for further particulars about his career and for details as to why he had fallen upon adversity.

His letter brought forth no reply, neither did a second communication asking whether Mr. Todd was not on JOHN BULL'S black list of "twisters and scroungers."

It is a long time since I heard of Mr. T. Todd, but he has "fallen on adversity," according to my records, for a quarter of a century at least.

His gift of poetry has indeed endured throughout the years, and has enabled him—in names which include those of "Todd," "Todd-Potts," "Carroll," "Melton-Reynolds," "Major Reynolds," and "Lt.-Colonel Todd"—to obtain a comfortable living without working very hard for it.

GOING STRONG AFTER 54 YEARS 1884—1938

MORE THAN HALF-A-CENTURY DEVOTED TO THE RELIEF OF SUFFERING

Mr. Shadforth, best known of all dispensing Chemists, is the founder of the Shadforth Prescription Service that is famous all over the civilised world.

By Wm. Shadforth, Ph.C., *Editor "Health News," Author of "The Wealth of Health,"*
Pharmaceutical Chemist, Member of the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain.

I commenced dispensing medicines in 1884, and since then have probably dispensed more than any other man living. In one form or another Shadforth Prescriptions are prescribed by the world's best doctors. As a large buyer of drugs, of which the cost is very high, I am able to serve you economically and dispense medicines at prices you can afford to pay. All the ingredients used are of the utmost purity and efficacy; each one is prepared according to a proved and tested formula.

SCORES of thousands owe their health, strength and freedom from pain to my famous Prescriptions. Every sufferer, no matter where he or she lives, can obtain any one of them direct from my own Pharmaceutical Laboratory or from any chemist at a price they can afford. ***Order them NOW!***

BLADDER AND KIDNEY COMFORT

WHY THOSE DISTURBED NIGHTS!

It must not go on. Bladder troubles can be relieved. Quickly. Surely. And during the day—whilst you are employed—this soothing work will proceed. Until you have tried **"Shadforters"** you may be enduring endless suffering and misery—mental as well as physical. **"Shadforters"** will help you. And there is not an ingredient in them that can do you the slightest harm. Cooling, cleansing, healing **"Shadforters"**—for many years known as Shadforth Brand Bladder Comforters, **Prescription No. 225**—have been the successful remedy for Cystitis, Prostatitis, Gravel, Gall Stones, Scalding and associated Liver, Kidney, Uric Acid and Bladder troubles. Try them to-night. Ask for **"Shadforters."** Prices 1/6 (25), 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100), 13/- (300).

The Special Shadforth Booklet on Kidney and Bladder Troubles (No. J.B.326) post free.

RHEUMATISM

HEADACHE, SCIATICA, NEURITIS.

All Nerve Pains, including those of Neuralgia, Colds, Influenza, Headache, Sciatica, Neuritis, etc., are promptly relieved by **"Shadspro" Compound,** the new pain-killer **(No. 283).** This formula is non-purgative and does not upset the stomach. It quickly relieves pain and renders movement possible. It reduces inflammation and temperature, and kills bacteria. **Prices 6d.** (10), **1/3** (25), **2/-** (50), **3/6** (100 tablets).

In exceptionally painful cases use a **Neuritis Sachet (No. 622A).** Prices 3/- (6) and 5/9 (12).

The Shadforth Booklet on "Neuritis" (No. J.B.236) price 2d. post free.

HEALTHY BLOOD

100 P.C. PURITY. 100 P.C. VITALITY.

HERE is the Shadforth known, admitted and approved remedy for blood troubles. It eliminates rheumatic tendencies and soothes painful parts. It heals ulcers, sores, boils, eczema, and skin disfigurements. It renews the blood, and blood is life. Ask for **Shadforth Blood Purifying Tablets (No. 1262).** Prices: 2/6, 4/6 and 13/-.

ANTI-BLACKHEAD SOAP

is provided in **Shadforth's Special Milk of Sulphur Complexion Soap (No. 1696).** It is used as an antiseptic in scabies or itch, acne or blackheads, acne rosacea or strawberry nose, scurf, ringworm. The soap may be used in the ordinary way and the lather may be (1) left to dry on, (2) rubbed into the skin, (3) laid on and kept moist by means of a waterproof covering. Price 1/2.

ENLARGED TONSILS AND ADENOIDS

Do you know that operations on children for **Enlarged Tonsils** and **Adenoids** are now definitely out of date?

YOU CAN CURE YOUR CHILD

without the surgeon's knife or the loss of one drop of blood by means of the **"SHADFORTH" KNIFELESS TREATMENT FOR ADENOIDS AND ENLARGED TONSILS.** This most successful treatment has been drawn up by a distinguished doctor, and it can be carried out easily at home, and in any part of the world. It is claimed to be one of the most recent advances of medical treatment; it has saved hundreds of operations, and costs only **7/6,** with full directions. Ask for the **"Shadforth" Treatment for Enlarged Tonsils and Adenoids (No. 231/TAD).** **Septic Tonsils and Nasal Obstruction in Adults** are also conquered without operation, pain, or loss of blood.

The Shadforth Booklet on "Adenoids" (No. J.B. 288) price 2d. post free.

EAT WHAT YOU LIKE

Thanks to "White Lions"

NO MORE ACIDITY, GASTRITIS OR STOMACH PAINS

Thousands of sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastric Catarrh, Wind or Flatulence, Fullness after Meals, and all forms of acid indigestion have been cured by the Shadforth Acidity Prescription (No. 1077). Popularly known as "White Lions." They give prompt relief and comfort. Even Gastric and Duodenal Ulcers yield to this treatment. This is the famous "White" prescription used by hospitals everywhere for stomach trouble. Ask for "White Lions," **Shadforth Prescription No. 1077.** Prices: **6d.** (24), **1/4** (72), **2/6** (144), **7/-** (432 Lions).

Mr. Shadforth's Book (No. J.B. 314) on Treating of Digestive Troubles will be sent Post Free on receipt of 2d.

Make Your Mealtimes Happier! A Trial will convince you that "White Lions" are—

POSITIVELY the World's Greatest Remedy for Indigestion

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE MEANS HIGH RISKS

Lower your Blood Pressure and Take a Load Off Your Heart.

Avoid Blood Pressure Breakdowns! Steady heart action co-ordinated with youth-like elastic arteries are now possible for those past their prime. The "Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment for Arterio-Sclerosis rapidly reduces high blood pressure and tension. It gives prompt relief from palpitation, giddiness, premonitions of collapse, and sleeplessness; it leads to permanent restoration and makes you feel years younger within 20 days. Get it now. **Prescription No. 11067.** Prices: 2/6 and 5/6.

"How to Prevent Blood Pressure" (Book No. J.B.342) price 2d. post free.

HEART TROUBLE

Prescription That Always Gives Relief.

Don't be alarmed because you suffer from symptoms of palpitation or pain near the heart. It may be indigestion or overstrung nerves. **Shadforth Tonic No.632** (known as "Blue Lion Fez Nuts") will strengthen the nerves, steady the heart, and tone up stomach and kidneys. Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take the prescription, and be normal in a few days. Ask for **Shadforth Prescription No. 632.** Prices: 1/- (25), 1/6 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144 pills). This prescription prevents palpitation, faintness, tremblings, run-down conditions, and stops that failing-to-pieces feeling.

The Shadforth Booklet on Heart Trouble (No. J.B.320) price 2d. post free.

HÆMORRHOIDS

QUICK RELIEF AND COMFORT.

THIS Tonic Laxative prescription quickly relieves and soothes Piles, Constipation, Sluggish Liver, and Atonic Dyspepsia. It ensures regular bowel movements, improves nerves and increases energy. Why endure the misery of Hæmorrhoids any longer? Ask for **Shadforth Pile Pills (No. 304).** Prices **6d.** (12), 1/6 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144).

Descriptive Booklet (No. J.B.323) price 2d. post free.

AN OILY SKIN

especially an oily face, in man or woman, quickly regains and retains its normal healthy appearance by the regular use of **Shadforth's Ox Gall Glycoly Soap** (Prescription No. 888). Recommended by specialists everywhere. In Tablets at 1/3 each.

The Shadforth Booklet on "Obesity" (No. J.B. 255) price 2d. post free.

NEURASTHENIA

AND NERVOUS BREAKDOWN.

Absent-Mindedness, Loss of Memory, Debility, Depression, Lassitude.

WHEN the days drag, when you know that your vitality is low and life is wearisome—take **"Shadphos"** Tonic Tablets. They will positively revivify the bodily organism and set you free from the fears of mind and body through jaded, worn-out nerves. Every woman would benefit from a course of

"SHADPHOS" TONIC TABLETS.

There is nothing like them. They are not a "patent medicine." They are what your doctor would advise. But what a difference they make! In place of lassitude—pulsating life. In place of depression—bright, buoyant spirits. In place of despondency and despair—a new fresh outlook that will mean everything to you.

Equally good for Men or Women, and all for a few shillings. Ask for "Shadphos" Tonic Tablets (Prescription 470).

Prices: 1/- (12), 1/6 (25), 2/3 (50), 6/- (100).

Write for the Special Number of "Health News," dealing with Nerve Troubles (No. J.B.323) price 2d. post free.

ECZEMA

For dry, wet or scaly eczema, an approved remedy is found in **Eczema Ointment (No. 1369).** It is also excellent for Dandruff or Scurf. Prices 6d., 1/- and 1/6.

Special New Formula for Vesicular Eczema **(No. 7822).** Price 2/6.

Booklet on Eczema Treatment (No. J.B.272) free on request.

CHEST COLDS

Stop Coughing all night with the "Shadforth" Chest and Lung Tonic.

One of the latest products of the Shadforth Laboratories, prescribed for common Winter Coughs, colds and chest troubles, in adults, when Asthma and Bronchitis are absent.

Gives quick relief and comfort, promotes restful nights; good for aged patients.

When mixed with sugar and water as directed, makes the World's Best Chest and Lung Tonic.

Shadforth Prescription No. 617.

Price 1/6 (makes 1 pint), 3/- (makes 2 pints).

USE THIS SOOTHING WARMING LUNG TONIC AND STOP THAT COUGH!

The best external treatment to use with the above is **"Shadrub."** Price 6d. and 1/-. **Prescription 612XX.**

Mr. Shadforth's Book on Coughs and Chest Troubles (No. J.B. 203) price 2d. post free.

LIVER TROUBLES

CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS, SICK HEADACHE.

PERIODICAL bilious attacks, constipation, sick headache and bowel indigestion indicate a sluggish liver, and for this nothing equals this pill. Take it with each meal and you will soon be better. This is a useful formula to keep in the house for family use. Get it now, and prove its worth. It is known as **Shadforth Prescription (No. 2,000).** Prices 6d. (36), 1/3 (100), 3/- (300 pills).

Booklet (J.B. 368) price 2d. post free.

SKIN TROUBLE

(Psoriasis.)

Treat with:

(1) **Antiseptic (No. 1449),** in tablet form to make bath. Price 1/-, 1/6 and 2/9.

(2) **Psoriasis Ointment (No. 269).** A stimulating antiseptic. Price 1/6 and 4/-.

(3) Wash regularly until better with **Birch Tar Soap (No. 626).** Price 1/-.

(4) Take Potassium internally for a few weeks in the form of **"Vi-delta"** (the new potassium table salt). **Prescription No. 1258.** Price 6d.

The Shadforth Booklet on "Psoriasis" (No. J.B. 227) free on request.

HEAD COLDS

CATARRHAL INFESTIONS AND CONGESTIONS.

An effective nasal antiseptic of the ephedrine class is now provided in **"Shadrinol."** It is packed with a pipette for placing drops in the nose and with a spray for applying to the back of the mouth and throat. It quickly relieves Nasal Catarrh, Head Colds, Coryza, Hoarseness, Laryngitis (occasionally Bronchitis and Asthma) and general catarrhal congestions of the mucous membranes of nose and throat.

Complete with directions. Price 1/3 (including pipette) and 2/6 (including pipette and atomiser).

Prescription No. 1465XL.

The Shadforth Booklet (No. J.B. 348) on this subject is supplied at 2d. post free.

NEVERILL

OLD SALTS

(Prescription 236X)

A Spoonful a Day Keeps the Doctor Away. The best morning Saline for Biliousness, Constipation, Disordered Stomach, Sluggish Liver, Bladder and Kidney Troubles, Gout, Rheumatism, Feverishness, Obesity, etc. Drink it first thing every morning. Tastiness with your Tea. For Sparkling Eyes, Clear Complexion, Tip-top Fitness and Joie de Vivre.

Prices, post free in airtight canisters, 2/-, 3/6, 6/- and 10/6.

All Shadforth Prescriptions are obtainable from your nearest chemist, including all branches of Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, Ltd., or privately packed and post free at these prices from:

SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTION SERVICE LTD

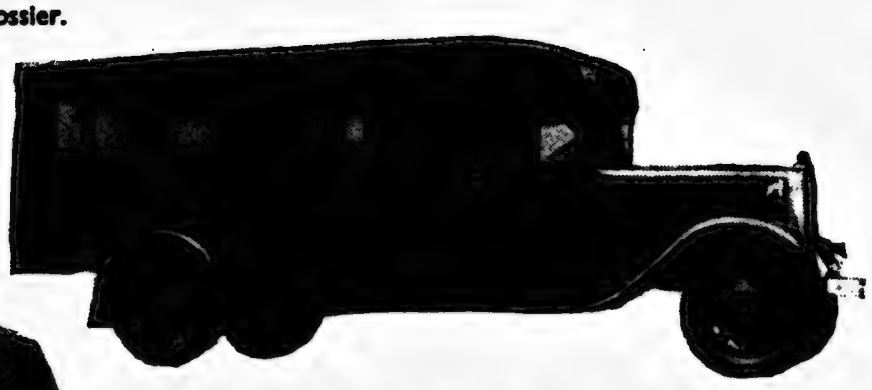
DISPENSING CHEMISTS,

(Dept. J.B. 14) 49, KING WILLIAM ST., LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4

63, Grove Road, Bow, E.3; 429, Barking Road, East Ham (Opp. Town Hall)
168, High Street, Walthamstow, E.17, and Branches

Continuing Sir W. Childs' Special Dossier.

Councillor Nolan, of Hereford, on a journalistic visit to Spain, and the motor vehicle which carried a strange cargo



Grave Mental Home Disclosures

IN Hereford, a motor-bus which in the ordinary way is used for the transport of passengers, supplies of food, clothing and bed linen, recently arrived at its destination carrying a very different kind of load.

The floor of the vehicle was piled with ashbins and receptacles filled with pig-wash and domestic refuse—*and a coffin containing the body of a woman.*

The body was that of a rate-aided patient in the local Holme Lacy hospital, one of Hereford's two mental institutions.

But for an unauthorised leakage of information, the fact that the woman's body was removed in this way would never have become known to members of the Hereford Council.

I am not surprised that when the incident came up for debate there was an acrimonious discussion. A demand was put forward for a public enquiry not only into this particular matter but into others relating to the administration of Burghill Mental Hospital.

* * *

Dr. Burrows, the Medical Superintendent, was astonished when he learned of what had happened. He had not the least idea that the body had come from Holme Lacy to Burghill with a quantity of pigwash.

After discussion, it came to light that this was not the first time bodies had been transported in this way!

Unfortunately, this disgraceful affair is not the only matter which calls for criticism in connection with the conditions of these mental institutions.

At Holme Lacy there are 65 women patients, mostly paying cases, and at Burghill 625, of whom 320 are women.

At Burghill there are two large rooms adjacent to a female ward, in which seven women lie who, at one time or another, have had typhoid fever. These hapless women are rightly regarded as potential sources of infection.

The indoor sanitary arrangements are inadequate and the only washing facilities are bowls placed in the dormitories.

* * *

Even commissioners of the Board of Control, when they reported on this part of the institution last November, described the conditions as "unsatisfactory."

Does that adjective meet the case? I think not. And my earnest hope is that something will be done quickly in regard to these poor women, not only for their own sakes but also in the interest of everybody else in the building.

Another regrettable fact is that there is not sufficient accommodation at Burghill for uncertified mental cases, both voluntary and temporary. They must live with certified and chronic cases.

Councillor J. Nolan, of Hereford, has stated that conditions in this particular mental hospital are appalling. That is a strong word, but I must confess that the information which has come to me is extremely disturbing.

Throughout the building the sanitary arrangements leave much to be desired. There are, on an average, only three conveniences to each ward, in which fifty to sixty patients have to sleep.

Routine decoration and repairs were until lately very much behind, and the conditions of some of the walls and rooms were disgraceful.

* * *

There is also an almost complete absence of comfortable furniture, a fact which called for a very severe comment from the Board of Control Commissioners, who also considered the artificial lighting inadequate both in day rooms and wards.

When one remembers that uncertified patients may be forced into close contact with turbulent lunatics under such conditions, it is hard to estimate the effects that may result to a sensitive mind.

A deplorable fact is that a number of female nurses are employed in male wards. For obvious reasons that should be remedied immediately.

The incident of the transportation of a dead body in a car containing pig food is a small matter—although a very disgraceful one—by comparison with some of the other matters to which I have felt it my duty to draw public attention.

I have no doubt that the medical care and attention of patients is all that it should be, but something must be done at once. Hereford is an ancient and beautiful city. The Burghill Mental Hospital is an ugly creature within its boundaries.

Your Watchdog Barks

There is a man who, posing as an expert in repairing old grandfather clocks, says he belongs to local firm. When you have paid him for services he asks you not to use clock for an hour or two because of soldering. Proves the most expensive form of solder ever devised!

* * *

Canvassers are selling red powder described as "anthradite" at sixpence a packet, which they say, when mixed with water, will prolong the life of the fire in your grate. Every sixpence paid thrown away.

* * *

Newest recruits to the snowball game are supposed firms of tobacco and cigarette manufacturers. Their tricky literature is fit only for the fire.

* * *

A new dodge—fat chickens sold at the door at bargain prices. Be careful. They may be just stuffed out with old newspapers.

* * *

Make certain who clears your electric light slot meters. At Hillingdon, Middlesex, and elsewhere, bogus collectors have opened containers and extracted money. Company hold you responsible.

'Ware This Cure-All Quack

THERE is scarcely any ailment of the ordinary kind which "Vitamina" will not alleviate or even cure—that is, if you believe a brochure which is now circulating through the post.

This is issued by the Vitamina Health Institute, of Ebury Street, London.

This booklet contains pictures of attractive women (connected for the most part, I note, with the Continental theatre and opera), who profess to have benefited by this wonderful cure invented by a Frenchman of science, aged sixty-eight, called Paulin.

Up to page 13 the booklet looks convincing enough.

But on page 13 is a picture of a monocled gentleman of seventy-seven, who describes himself as Mr. E. W. Barton-Wright, Naturopath and Dietetic Specialist.

As "Chief Consultant" to this Open Sesame to Health Mr. Barton-Wright comes under no jurisdiction other than his own.

Yet there was a time, not so long ago, when he was something more than a Chief Consultant and when his experiences were not quite so happy.

He promoted a concern called Nature Treatments, Ltd., and had a licence from the L.C.C. to run a massage establishment at Campden House Terrace, London, W.8.

In view of the number of complaints received his licence was rescinded.

The view was taken officially that he had obtained sums of money from elderly and infirm patients whom he had exploited.

Barton-Wright told one of these patients about a friend from whom he could obtain the lease of a building for a certain amount. He suggested that the patient should guarantee him to the extent of £400.

So persistent were the requests that the man advanced the money on condition it be paid back in eight days.

At expiry of eight days, Barton-Wright made excuse after excuse, until finally the matter was taken to court and repayment began by instalments.

A woman living in Holland Park, London, it was alleged, was persuaded to lend sums running into four figures.

In return she was given a debenture in "Nature Treatments, Ltd.," of which she was promised the post of secretary.

Further, Mr. Barton-Wright has been through the bankruptcy courts three times. On each occasion his assets have been nil.

Once more I repeat that in such circumstances people suffering from diseases and afflictions should always consult a fully-qualified medical practitioner.

Four Questionable Charities

BOGUS charity collectors are descending upon various provincial cities in the name of the National Distress Relief Association, with headquarters in Regent Street, London.

Up to the present the people of Birmingham have been the chief victims, but other centres have also been affected.

In other days such collections were generally of the house-to-house kind, but this present organisation has more ambitious ideas. Its hirelings collect at banks, big offices, chain stores and in the vestibules of cinema theatres.

* * *

When collectors arrived in Birmingham, they came by car. They were bright-looking young men who concealed their collecting boxes in attache cases and only produced them at the most likely moment of a conversation.

In an hour or so they had gathered a considerable sum from the public. Then they left for another town.

I also have news of another organisation calling itself the Distressed Areas Relief Society, which is controlled by a person named James B. Thomson, and operates from High Street, Putney, London, S.W.

The suggestion that relief in the vast distressed areas of the country can be dealt with by such a trumpery concern as this is in itself absurd.

* * *

At an interview Thomson produced a book showing receipts of £40 of which only fifty shillings had been sent to South Wales for the relief of distress!

The balance of £37 10s. had gone to salaries, expenses and commission.

Other Midland towns have also suffered from the "Hospital Book Fund," the object of which is to collect books for hospitals and like institutions.

In this case women collectors are employed. They get a rake-off of 50 per cent. on all collections.

There was a sum of £401 raised by their collecting boxes. Of this £383 went in expenses. Hospitals were sent books worth £17 or thereabouts.

Finally, there is a charity called the National Christian Literature Society of Great Britain, which is organised by James D. Younie.

This man's idea is to provide wholesome and helpful literature to patients in hospitals. One of his more helpful books has come to my notice.

It is a treatise which emphasises the dangers of hell fire, and asks patients to ponder their sins while they lie in their hospital cots.

* * *

The sad thing is that the police have no power to interfere in these ramps. The remedy lies in the hands of the public. It is quite easy to find out the names of genuine and properly-audited charities. They are the only ones deserving of your support.

carried unanimously

All in favour? . . . . carried . . . . another proposition settled. And as the familiar words "Have a Cigarette?" pass around it is plain to see Player's are also "carried unanimously." The familiar lifebuoy packet "Medium" or "Mild" is everywhere . . . . And there's generally a sound reason for such solid public preference . . . . in this case particularly sound—"It's the Tobacco that Counts."

BOTH BLENDS CORK-TIPPED OR PLAIN
10 for 6D 20 for 11½D 50 for 2/5

Player's Please

MEDIUM OR MILD

Who is he ?

So secretly does Smuggler No. 1 work that his agents know less about him than the police

In every port in Britain, France and America undercover men are waging a ceaseless war on—

SMUGGLER No. 1

by Geoffrey Pinnock

CUSTOMS men of Britain, France and America have renewed their war on Smuggler No. 1.

Jewels, dope, firearms, silks, liquor and perfume are the chief commodities in which this sinister mastermind of the contraband racket deals.

But there are times when he also deals in "human contraband"—undesirable aliens seeking a hideout in a foreign country.

As much as £500 has been paid by a Continental crook for a secret passage across the twenty miles of channel between Calais and Dover.

Often Smuggler No. 1 uses women as his agents. Picked for their looks and quick wits, they travel in luxury, posing as members of society.

To distribute his goods he has services of motor-cars, lorries and aeroplanes.

Just how vast is the racket can be guessed from the fact that in the past seven years gems worth at least £2,600,000 have entered Britain, France and America through the secret channels of the smugglers.

It is almost certain that police and revenue men know the identity of Smuggler No. 1, but so ingenious is his system of "remote control" that they are unable to get enough evidence for his arrest.

Yet they have not been without success in the war on smuggling.

Figures issued by the British Customs for the twelve months ending last March show an increase of 600 seizures of contraband on the previous year.

Good work. But the figures have a second meaning.

Not only do they mean increased vigilance, they mean that the smugglers are busier than ever.

One of the most recent and spectacular captures in the British Customs net was that of the Mexican bull-fighter-smuggler, José Oviedo de la Mado.

José, swarthy, handsome, was arrested last December while attempting to smuggle diamond necklaces and jewels of immense value to the secret gem markets of London's underworld.

Through this market, whose agents move in the furtive quarters of Soho, and among the wealthy wasters of Mayfair, many a gem-studded bangle or rope of pearls reaches a buyer in society.

Stolen originally from an owner perhaps as far away as Rio de Janeiro or Singapore, the gems have been cut and reset to defy identification.

José, a popular matador in his day, came to Europe and set up in Paris as a commission agent for precious stones.

That, at least, was his outward profession.

At any rate, he was sentenced to three months in jail, fined heavily and recommended for deportation.

In June last year New York police rounded up some of the American agents of the international jewel ring.

But they could get no direct evidence on Smuggler No. 1—for the agents knew even less about this mysterious personality than the police.

Still, the captures were important because they revealed new ramifications of the racket.

One of the gang's most efficient couriers, it was disclosed, was a beautiful young divorcee, regular passenger on the *Normandie*, *Queen Mary* and other trans-Atlantic liners.

★ ★ ★

She had a specially-built trunk with false sides, in which jewels valued at £60,000 were often hidden on her journeys

Among the other agents were four school teachers, seven housemaids and ladies' maids, half-a-dozen actresses and dancing girls travelling salesmen, waiters, bar-tenders, and a lawyer, who had been regarded as a man of the utmost rectitude.

It was a good haul for New York.

But in London and Paris, Scotland Yard and the Sûreté Générale took small comfort from it, for they know the most dangerous member of the gang—Smuggler No. 1—is still ceaselessly at work.

Little more than a month ago word went round interpational police circles that a Smugglers' Conference was being planned to take place somewhere in Paris or Brussels.

Police spies and informers were keyed to fever pitch to try to gain knowledge of the event.

Swift comb-outs took place in the underworlds of London, Paris and Brussels.

But the authorities refuse to admit whether that dramatic conference was ever held, and whether any disguised police or Customs agents were able to be present or discover its decisions.

A few days before Christmas, Customs officers watching the Thames shipping traffic made a haul of 10,000 cigars at Tilbury.

Alexander Ferro, ship's servant on the cargo vessel *Shropshire*, was given a six months' sentence at Grays.

The cigars were concealed in a secret chamber beneath the floorboards of the chief engineer's cabin.

He was in complete ignorance of the use to which his cabin was being put.

★ ★ ★

But behind the arrest of Ferro the police laid bare the existence of a contraband organisation which had agents in Hull, Liverpool and other big ports.

In July last year an ambitious attempt at contraband running in the Thames was foiled in sight of the bathers and promenaders on Margate sands.

Holiday folk watched a lean, dark-blue Revenue cutter speed across the estuary and signal the yacht *Blonde* to a standstill in Margate Roads.

On board the *Blonde*, which had come from Calais, were Ernest Wakefield, a caterer; Richard Quack, a fruit importer's agent; and Jack Taylor, a motor salesman.

But these men were also smugglers, and were said to be in close touch with a fourth associate whose house backed on to the Thames-side near Staines.

The *Blonde's* cargo consisted of French wines and spirits: and it would have been a comparatively simple matter to have run the contraband straight up the Thames to the outwardly innocent destination of a riverside mansion.

The crew of the *Blonde* received sentences at Margate police court varying from three to six months.

But they were only semi-amateurs of the contraband game.

Such men cause the Customs and police a great deal of trouble, but they are not in the same category as the professional, who plans a run with the detail and strategy of a general preparing a campaign.

★ ★ ★

Most of the big smugglers of the past ten years have been unmasked to the public by JOHN BULL.

Franklin, the tobacco runner, used a converted ex-naval submarine chaser to carry his cargoes to the Hampshire coast and Isle of Wight.

Gohrt, the whiskey runner, had two fast motor-yachts for his illicit trade between English and French ports.

Henri Braund specialised in running tobacco and silks by air and also in "human contraband."

For a time these men made big profits at the expense of society, but in the end they paid the penalty in prison.

Yet Smuggler No. 1 still defies arrest. Sooner or later one of his schemes will go astray, an agent will get to know too much and "squeal."

One mistake will be enough—for the Revenue men are waiting . . . waiting to pounce.

Live Successfully !

"LIVE SUCCESSFULLY," the great new plan to help you make a success of your life, which was announced in last week's JOHN BULL, has aroused such interest that readers are this week given a further and final opportunity to participate !

"Live Successfully" is a unique course of twelve books.

The first—"HOW TO DISCOVER THE REAL YOU"—is sent by return. The remaining eleven books follow one by one.

In the ordinary way a course such as this would cost at least £5 5s., yet, if you act at once, it is yours practically as a Gift !

Here is something *different*, practical, fascinating, *that will show you the secrets of living.*

Every man and woman, young and old, should accept this opportunity before it is too late.

Turn now to the announcement on page 16 and apply at once for the first Book.

CURIOSITY CURES BOREDOM

THE HUMAN MACHINE

AS the proverb says, curiosity may have killed the cat, but it has yet to kill a man !

For curiosity—or, if you like to give it a more dignified name, "An enquiring habit of mind"—is the finest of all mental tonics.

If we're not curious, if we're not always wanting to know, we can't be open-minded.

If we're not open-minded we can't learn. If we don't learn we don't progress.

And if we don't progress we sink backwards. That's a chain of logic from which there is no possible escape.

It is quite true that a man's mental equipment is his stock of ideas.

But he can't afford to live for ever on a little bundle of stale ideas that might have meant something when he was a youth, but which new knowledge and new discoveries have made less valuable than last year's calendars.

When people are ignorant it is not because they can't learn. It is because they don't want to learn. It is also because they don't realise how easy it is to learn.

No one can help learning who goes about all day long asking "Why ?"

The human brain has a sponge-like quality where facts are concerned that is hard to beat.

All it needs to make it function is willingness on the part of its owner to be receptive to knowledge when it is put before him.

That's why children are such wonderful learners—their natural curiosity, their natural, overwhelming desire to know "Why," is far stronger than their natural reluctance to be taught !

What a pity that, as we grow older, we allow our reluctance to learn to dominate our curiosity. That's why so many people are bored.

Think that one over !

Lid Off th

By Stanley Bish

**covered almost every big la
He takes you on a tour of the
and heartbreak leaves, and
who have made British Ju
m**

LORD HEWART,
Lord Chief Justice

is the strongest personality of the judiciary. He is sixty-eight, but does not look it; enjoys a day's racing

HOPE enters and Heartbreak leaves by the "in" and "out" swing doors of the pinnacled building overshadowing the street where the City of Westminster ends and the City of London begins.

The building is the Royal Courts of Justice of England — the greatest machine of litigation in the world.

Every year some 10,000 different actions at law are lodged for hearing in these courts.

Since the courts were opened in 1882, more than 710,000 suits have been taken.

Each day during legal term the total number of people who go to the courts for business, direct or casual interest, exceeds 3,000.

Not a case reaching judgment which does not mean disappointment, despair, perhaps ruin, for someone—loss of money, loss of honour, loss of liberty, or even loss of life.

★ ★ ★

Let me lead you behind the scenes of the Royal Courts of Justice, and tell you some of the stories which have never yet been printed.

In a way, to take the "lid off" the Law Courts.

We are visiting the courts on an ordinary, average day, and I am your guide.

To-day the Court of Criminal Appeal happens to be in session.

Normally this Appeal Court sits once a week to take applications for leave to appeal and hearings of appeal by prisoners convicted from quarter-sessions and assizes.

Most commonly the criminal appeals are cited in the Lord Chief Justice's court — the finest, most spacious court of any—with a large emblem of the Royal Arms above the judge's dais.

That is when Lord Hewart of Bury, Lord Chief Justice of England, presides over the court.

If Lord Hewart happens to be away on circuit, then the senior available King's Bench judge presides with two learned brothers.

Other times—and rarely the Criminal Appeal judges sit in what is properly the Court of Criminal Appeal—a court is utilised off the corridor leading to the Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division.

Below this special court-room are excellent cells—built at considerable cost.

The cells which serve the Lord Chief Justice's court, when it is a Court of Criminal Appeal, are cramped and tiny—not much larger than telephone booths.

Lately, to give prisoners an unobserved exit from these half-and-half cells, a private door was knocked in the wall of the lower corridor.

[Note: On May 15 this year the Court of Criminal Appeal reaches its thirtieth anniversary.]

At the moment Lord Hewart is sitting with Mr. Justice Charles and Mr. Justice Rayner Goddard.

The Lord Chief Justice is the most distinguished, strongest personality of the judiciary. His years rest lightly.

Once he said: "Judges live long because, before they get to that comparatively exalted—and decidedly impecunious—position, they have gone through a hard mill.

"And if they can survive that mill they can survive a good deal else."

Quiet and smooth of voice is Lord Hewart—possibly the pleasantest voice of any judge. And he never uses a word too many or too few.

His notes are rather like his voice, exact and rounded.

The clear script writing of Lord Hewart on a case presents an amazingly exact report of everything which happened.

He has, too, a photographic memory for faces.

★ ★ ★

His eyes rove about a court, noting who is there, never missing anything. They are all-seeing eyes.

In his early days he practised journalism, which teaches a man many things.

Strongly contrasting types, these three judges in one court.

Mr. Justice Charles is blunt. He uses a bludgeon in his words.

They tell stories at the Bar of his plain speaking, and of his humour which is "different." Privately, Mr. Justice Charles is a boon companion. He has a fondness for beer in tankards and is never happier than when he can run away to Deal, on the Kent coast, and mix with fishermen.

He loves the sea, and he also likes watching football matches.

Motor-cars are his bugbear.

Mr. Justice Goddard has a polished, subtle wit in these days when wit from the Bench is rather a negligible quality.

Always courteous, he has no mannerisms, except that he takes snuff with a pronounced gesture—a habit which he shares with Lord Justice MacKinnon, most Dickensian of characters in "undress" among all the judges.

★ ★ ★

A keen walker is Sir Frank Douglas MacKinnon. He goes tramping the country in old clothes and battered soft hat, always smoking a much-carbonised briar pipe.

This judge of the Court of Appeal once confessed he was a blatant trespasser.

Court No. 8 is the usual working-place of Mr. Justice Hawke, who in appearance is the ideal judge—strongly marked features and fine presence.

Anybody meeting Mr. Justice Hawke in the street face to face would say at once: "He looks like a judge."

Many others do not—away from the Bench and out of robes.

Without a handkerchief Mr. Justice Hawke could scarcely try a case. He plays with a silk handkerchief all the time. Indeed, he often speaks behind a handkerchief.

He did recently, when gently reproving a witness for not speaking up.

The witness replied: "I beg your pardon, my Lord, but I could not hear what you said."

Farther along the corridor in separate courts are Mr. Justice Singleton—most polite of judges, whose reprimand is gentle compliment—and Mr. Justice Porter, whose law, they say, is never wrong.

King's Bench judges, you should know, only wear full red robes in "Crown papers," which means cases where the Crown is concerned.

In "civil papers" the mark of the King's Bench judge is a scarlet sash. The texture and pattern of his dark robe changes according to the terms.

Judges of Appeal, Chancery and Divorce divisions always wear sombre black.

Fourteen judges of the King's Bench are at present detailed for travelling the circuit of assize towns. The number varies in proportion to the business, criminal and civil, likely to be forthcoming.

Circuits for the year are fixed at the beginning of the autumn term. The senior judges have the first choice of the circuits they wish to take.

This explains the reason why the more junior judges are prone to be despatched to the far-away towns of the Northern and North-Eastern circuits, where there is usually the heaviest work, and from where a week-end jaunt home is almost impossible.

In their lighter moments judges' clerks still whisper the story of a famous revolt against this circuit-picking practice, which happened during the time of the late Mr. Justice Bailhache.

The judges were in meeting. Said the senior, marking the circuit list: "Brother Bailhache will, of course, go northern."

Whereat the little bearded judge spoke up: "Brother Bailhache *will not go northern.* Brother Bailhache is tired of going northern. He will go south-eastern."

Consternation! But he gained his demand. He was not banished to the north.

Before long there will be a revision of the present circuits. In 1940 Sheffield will become an assize town to relieve the trial congestion at Leeds.

Then there will be a more or less permanent judicial session alternating between Manchester and Liverpool, rather on the plan of the ten annual Old Bailey sessions, with the difference that civil and divorce business will be taken, in addition to criminal.

Judges will take their Lancashire turns by rota.

Several outstanding judges are absent from the Law Courts at the

MR. JUSTICE HUMPHREYS

Even in a Tube he does not unbend his judicial dignity

the Law Courts

Bishop, who in his career as a reporter has ... big law case and trial during the past twenty years. ... of the Law Courts "through whose doors hope enters ... and gives you intimate "close-ups" of the Judges ... Justice world-famous, revealing to you the real men under their robes.

MR. JUSTICE GODDARD

famous for wit; takes snuff—with a gesture

moment travelling their circuits. Wherever he goes, Mr. Justice Humphreys makes news.

At Winchester he complains of the draught and cold in the temporary court of the Castle hall, where King Arthur of romantic legend is supposed to have held his knights' assembly, and where the King's Round Table hangs on the wall.

★ ★ ★

Sir Travers Humphreys, once a famous Treasury counsel, steps into the place of the late Mr. Justice Avory as a criminal judge without peer.

He is reserved and exclusive. Neither in court nor out does his dignity unbend.

And, speaking of Winchester, there are no fewer than eight High Court judges who went to Winchester College — a wonderful public school record.

Sharing this same Western Circuit, to which he was attached in his barrister days, is Mr. Justice du Parcq, best-looking and best-dressed of all the judges.

He is distinguished by having no eccentricities—straightforward, fast worker, he is so aloof in manner that some counsel call him supercilious.

He investigated the Dartmoor Prison mutiny by order of the Home Secretary, and Viscount Finlay, at present the judge on the Midland Circuit, tried the riot ringleaders at the special assize in the village cinema of Princetown-on-the-Moor.

Viscount Finlay, expert in income-tax law, has a splendid voice, and his speeches are famous. Between case-note making, he persistently chews the end of his pencil.

Not by any means are judges' phrases always rounded and finished.

It would be hard lines on several eminent judges if a summing-up were reported *as spoken*.

Here is an example of a sentence used by a judge in a recent action:

"I cannot help thinking—but you are not bound by what I think—don't you think that the possible explanation of what happened on Saturday—the answer to the question is the explanation—that may depend enormously on what happened on Thursday."

If all the judges were in the Law Courts together there would not be room for them. There would be difficulty at once about their retiring rooms.

As it is, the more junior judges

MR. JUSTICE CHARLES

loves beer in tankards and football matches, but hates cars

must accept accommodation some way from their courts.

Walking distances have meaning in the courts, for there are more than five miles of corridors in the whole building and 800 office rooms.

As conditions are, one of the divorce courts is always on the move. It has no regular home, but shifts from court to court according to vacancies.

Mr. Justice Henn Collins, son of a famous judge, who was raised to the Bench at the end of last year, has been the "movable" divorce judge this term.

Spare-time preoccupation of Mr. Justice Henn Collins is building fiddles. They are—on the word of experts—excellent fiddles, the work of a master, amateur craftsman, and in due course may become valuable.

Tradition was broken in the Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division when Sir Frank Boyd Merriman resigned his office as Solicitor-General to become President of those courts, and nominated his private secretary.

Now three judges have official private secretaries—the Lord Chief Justice, the Master of the Rolls, and the President. Custom gives the job—which is not *too onerous* from all accounts—to a young and trying—in the endeavour sense—barrister.

Sir Boyd Merriman nominated a capable young woman, Miss A. Brancker, to be his secretary. She draws a salary of £300 a year.

Heads were shaken in the Law Courts; shoulders raised.

★ ★ ★

A woman secretary to a senior judge! What is the law coming to?

There was consternation among the trying (in a persevering sense) young barristers.

But Miss Brancker by her efficiency and charm has quelled all opposition. She is accepted.

Among barristers and law officials there is a certain state of mind and manner relating to the Bench which is rather impertinently called "Judge's disease." Newly-made judges are prone to suffer from this difficult, but curable, affliction.

Symptoms are an overwhelming consciousness of position; a pontifical attitude; a tendency (off duty) to forget friendship with old colleagues, and generally a rise in temper temperature.

MR. JUSTICE HAWKE

Keen golfer; but in sports kit people still say, "He looks like a judge"

Of the present "young" judges not a single one, according to general opinion, has been smitten with this painful-to-others complaint.

This is claimed to be unique, an augury of the success the junior judges will win when they pass into the middle and senior stage.

Really, it is extraordinarily difficult to jump suddenly from Bar to Bench.

Quoting again the wisest, most human of judges—Lord Hewart:

"The judge is required to exhibit profound and permanent impartiality, but at the beginning he has only just left the Bar where his clients probably expect of him a complete and invincible partisanship.

"He must be, at one and the same time, a cold, remote figure—a stranger to the joys and sorrows of human life—but somehow a man of the world, intimately understanding the emotions and preoccupations of mankind.

"At one and the same time, he must be a miracle of experience, knowledge and sympathy, but he must be capable, at decent intervals, of asking such questions as 'What is a Test Match?' and 'Who is Gracie Fields?'"

And the judges whom the public know only by name fill those requirements.

Sometimes they lapse. A learned judge the other day was ignorant of the expression, "a hang-over"—or appeared to be. But judges do not like slang in Court. Often professed ignorance is a rebuke.

A Ship Comes In

A Short Story

by DALE COLLINS

whose romances of the sea are celebrated throughout two continents.

Out of the dawn sailed the schooner..

IT was late, and Ross Saunders knew he should go to bed, but writing that fateful letter had exhausted him.

To-morrow the *Hendrik* would take it on the first stage of the long journey to Judith, and that would mark the end of the only fine thing in his life.

He put his bare arms on the table and rested his head on them, hating himself for having failed her, hating the outpost of Sinjamata and the whole Dutch East Indies for having defeated him.

The rattle of the *Hendrik's* winches came faintly now through the still air, and dogs howled down in the kampong, making lonely sounds, fitting his mood.

For a long time he remained inert, past caring.

Then a thrill ran through him, and he looked up with a start, surprised by the sharpness and suddenness of his emotion.

Amazingly, incredibly, Judith stood on the edge of the pool of lamplight, smiling on him with infinite tenderness.

He gaped at this vision, projected from the other side of the world.

There she was, just as he remembered her so vividly, dark hair framing the chiselled face, firm little chin uptilted, nose to match the chin, brown eyes with flecks of gold in them.

Delight turned to dismay. It was not a good sign when isolated men started to see the things dearest to their hearts.

"I thought," Judith said, voice steady though her lips quivered, "that you exiles always made a point of being on the jetty for the arrival of the coaster."

"It didn't seem worth going down so late," he found himself replying. "I know I could post your letter to-morrow."

Even to this ghost he could not admit that to visit the *Hendrik* meant spending money, and he had none.

★ ★ ★

"Ross," she said, holding out open arms, "you don't believe I'm real!"

"Good God, are you?"

He stumbled to his feet, and she ran to him. In her arms he learnt that she was very real indeed.

The lips he had thought lost for ever were on his, and she held him with desperate closeness.

Unable to speak, stunned with joy, he clung to her.

But, glad as he would have been to continue in that blissful state, his senses returned, and, holding her at arm's length, he shook his head slowly from side to side.

"You can't be here, and you mustn't be."

"I will be here, darling, and I am."

"But, Judith, I mean it's all wrong. That letter there I've just finished—it's to you, of course.

"You must read it. It's breaking everything off between us. You'll have to take the *Hendrik* back to-morrow."

Instead of being startled or indignant, Judith laughed at him, a soft and gentle laugh that made music.

"Sweet chump," she said, "you can't break anything off. I won't let you. And the *Hendrik* can go chase herself.

"I'm staying, and all I intend to do to-morrow is find the local missionary and have him marry us.

"As for reading your stupid old letter, I've had enough of those. I want to hear your voice. That's one of the things I've come for."

"But—" he said helplessly, "but—!"

★ ★ ★

"I suppose I am rather a surprise, darling, turning up like this all unannounced, but I wanted it to be that way. I felt it was right.

"No stopping me then. You really ought to be quite pleased to see me."

"I'm—I'm crazy with happiness. It isn't that. Only—"

"Ross Saunders," she cut in crisply, "this is the happiest night of our lives, and we're going to enjoy it, but I see you can't begin to do that until you've got your troubles off your mind.

"I've come far enough to be given my own way. You're going to sit down in that chair, my pet, and keep your distance.

"I'll perch on the table, and you'll spill the beans.

"Then you'll feel better. But make it snappy, for the sooner it's done the quicker the rejoicings can begin."

She pushed him before her, and he gave way like a man in a trance.

When she had placed him where she wished, she hoisted herself up on the table and sat expectant, like a small girl waiting to be told a story.

"Out with it, Ross! Why the letter? Why the woe?"

He was so miserable that he could not even feast his eyes on her any longer, but stared gloomily down at the floor.

"It's heaven for me to see you, Judy, but you shouldn't have come.

"And the worst of it is that it's all my fault, even to you being here.

"I've lied to you, Judy. All my letters have been cruel lies."

"If you're trying to tell me, my dear, that you didn't mean the love and nice things, well, I don't believe you, that's all."

"Of course, I meant them. Every word. That's not it.

"It's the practical side and realities—that's where I lied.

"I sent you glowing reports about how the trading venture was flourishing, and how I was saving, and how it'd soon be time for you to pack your things and come out.

"I didn't intend you to know ever, but now you must. All false.

★ ★ ★

"I'm a failure and a flop. Our grand adventure was sheer madness. I'd no experience and no training.

"Fine for us to plan escape from the rut, a break into a new life away from a world which seemed to be going to the devil and held nothing for us.

"The hunch did us credit."

He laughed briefly and bitterly.

"The trouble is it hasn't worked," he went on. "The Chink and the Jap storekeepers have been determined to break me from the start. They hate each other, but they hate the intruding white man more.

"Even if I'd had the experience and the money, they'd have beaten me. I do believe they'd have given their stuff away.

"But they were spared that. I was the one who had to do the giving away, and I had to do it so well that I'm broke and ruined, and our great dreams are all shot to ribbons."

"And that's why you've just been writing to announce I was ditched?"

"Yes."

"Then you were going to do something really heroic, like simply vanishing, or bumping yourself off?"

"I wasn't going to pull you down with me. If I'd made a mess of it, why should you suffer?

"That letter behind you says I've fallen for a Malay girl, and you're to forget a beachcomber and a waster and find someone worthy of you. I was hoping you'd believe and accept that."

He could not look at her, but Judith remained quite serene, smiling on his bowed head.

With steady fingers she took cigarettes from her case, lit one and threw him the other.

"Catch!"

Mechanically he picked it from his knee, struck a match, and puffed absently, eyes averted, shoulders drooping.

"Now you're going to listen to me, Ross Saunders. If you think any of this is news you're cuckoo.

"I'm enough in love with you, my darling, to know when you're lying. I was never taken in by your glowing reports.

"They rang as hollow as a drum. I didn't believe a word of them."

"Judith!"

His head jerked up and his mouth fell open.

"If I'd thought everything was fine do you think I'd have bothered to come bursting in like this? I'd have been content to wait.

"It was just because I knew you were making it all up, because you were utterly wretched, that I had to wheedle Pop's humble savings from him and fly to you."

(Continued on page 26)

It's so easy to make good coffee with "Camp" for all the trouble of coffee making has been overcome for you by the "Camp" experts. All *you* have to do is to add a teaspoonful of "Camp" to each cup of hot milk and water and it's ready to serve. You'll never go back to old-fashioned methods once you try "Camp," the modern way to really good coffee.

'CAMP' Coffee

For Strength and Flavour

TO QUENCH A THIRST, SAID COALMAN CHUTE— IN ROWNTREE'S YOU CAN TASTE THE FRUIT!

Rowntree's Fruit Gums & Pastilles

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For this Radiation Ltd. make no [redacted]

Since the "Regulo" oven heat-control was first introduced as an exclusive standard fitting, the "New World" Cooker has been installed in millions of homes throughout the world. A record of achievement that is unequalled anywhere.

But what is perhaps the highest tribute that can be paid to the efficiency of the "Regulo," and the excellent cooking of all kinds of food which it ensures, is the fact that the "New World" Cooker is regularly stocked at the showrooms of all the Gas undertakings throughout the country.

The "Regulo" is still exclusive to the "New World" Cooker; and can be easily distinguished by the triangular opening in which the cooking numbers appear. No other form of oven heat-control is a "Regulo" unless it has this distinctive triangle on the number shield.

Radiation Ltd. were the *first* to instal an automatic oven heat-control—the "Regulo"—as a standard fitting. *First* to fit a single oven burner. *First* to equip a cooker with a direct-bottom-flue-outlet—vital steps to better cooking.

Your Gas Company will be pleased to explain to you the functions of the "Regulo," and the many unique features of the "New World" Cooker. Make sure that you see the "New World" Cooker. Ask for it by name.

Regd. 7 REGULO

NEW WORLD

REGULO—*Controlled Porcelain Enamelled* GAS COOKERS

THE NEW WORLD GAS COOKERS ARE MADE ONLY BY

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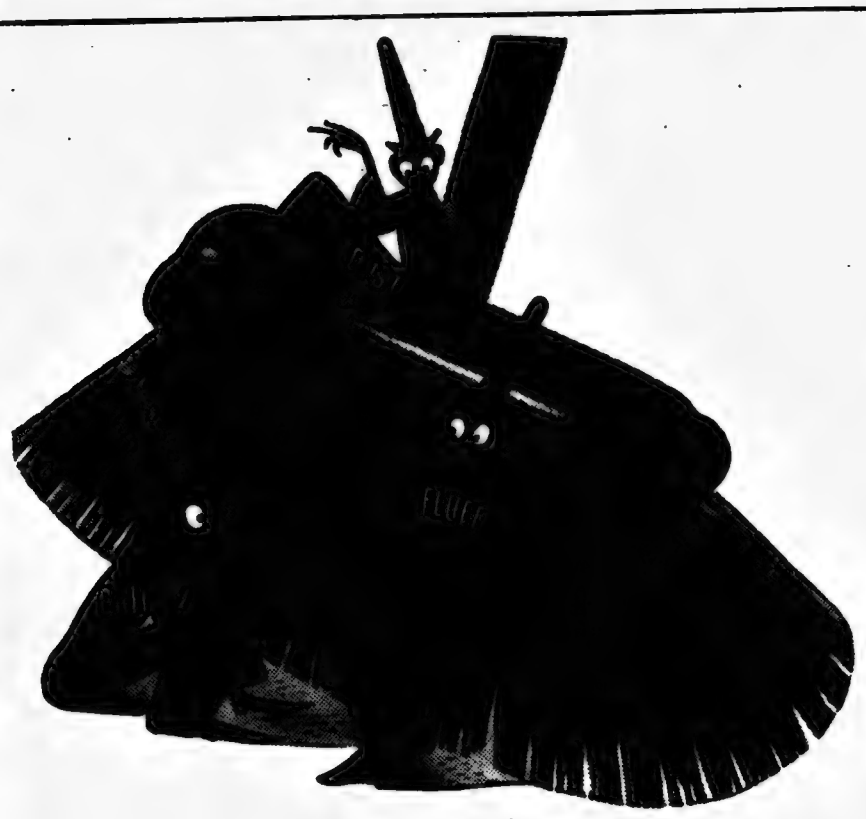

Dust—"I HEAR SHE'S GOING TO SPRING-CLEAN"
Fluff—"SHE'LL NEVER GET US"
Grit—"HOPE SHE HASN'T HEARD OF THIS

HOOVER FOR 10/- DOWN"

If, by spending 10/-, you could slip right out of all the hard work of spring-cleaning—this year and every year—would you part with the money? If you would, then this Hoover Junior ought to be yours. It's like getting THREE marvellous cleaners for the price of ONE! A beater for grit. A sweeper for fluff. A suction cleaner to whisk *all* the dirt effortlessly away. It's so silly to go through an old-fashioned spring-clean when the few monthly or quarterly payments on a Hoover work out at only 4d. a day. If you wish, your present cleaner can be taken in part exchange. Take this first step now—post the coupon to-day.

The HOOVER *Junior Cash Price £10.15.0*
Cleaning Tools £2.2.6

The HOOVER
REGISTERED TRADE MARK
It BEATS... *as it Sweeps... as it Cleans*

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By Appointment to the Prince of Wales 1933 to 1936

To HOOVER LIMITED, *Dept. X.* 3, PERIVALE GREENFORD, MIDDLESEX. *Please send me without obligation full details of all Hoover Electric Cleaners.*

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On a cold and dreary Winter day it is a real pleasure to reach home and be greeted by the welcome brilliance of 'Mansion.' As you close the door behind you, the bright and cheery aspect created by the lovely polish on the Floors and Furniture makes you glad to turn your back on the drab dullness prevailing outdoors.

TINS 3d., 6d. and Larger Sizes.

MANSION WAX POLISH

FOR FLOORS, FURNITURE AND LINOLEUM

MP/ER/37

A Ship Comes In

(Continued from page 24)

"You flew?"

"Oh, yes," she said lightly. "I knew it was urgent, and that time was precious. The K.L.M. brought me to Batavia, and I caught the *Hendrik* there.

"Cost a packet, of course, and I'm as broke as you are now, but it was worth every penny.

"Surely you see that if I'd arrived later—perhaps later than this very night even—it would have been too late altogether."

"But flying all that way—you might have been killed."

"I wasn't, and I'm very much alive. So are you. That's all that matters.

"Now I'm here everything's going to be different. I know that just as surely as I knew it was wrong for me not to be with you.

"Why, a fortune-teller in Singapore said I'd the luckiest face he'd ever seen."

For all the tangle of emotions in which she had tied him, Ross had to chuckle at her wide-eyed faith in a beggar who knew how to snare a Straits dollar.

So like his Judith! To fly to him because she felt his need, to find him ruined and take that in her stride, and yet to be impressed by such a piece of nonsense.

★ ★ ★

"Laugh away," she said. "I'd rather see you laugh at me than look black as a thundercloud.

"But he was different from what these people usually are. He did know!

"And already he's proved right. See how lucky I am to be with you before you'd the chance to make an idiot of yourself? And the luck will hold.

"I'm positive of that, or I couldn't be so happy. So that's that, my lamb, and now I'm going to creep on to your lap, and we'll plan about the future."

She did so, but they did not plan, for the present was sufficient.

Her fingers on his brow stroked away the grim realities of their situation, which should have seemed only the more desperate since she was involved in it.

A breeze came, rustling the palms which hung above the ramshackle store. It brought a freshness, a sense of new life, after the heavy stillness.

It held breaths of spice and the sea.

Cocks began to crow in the kampong, thin, clear and jubilant.

"I love Sinjamata already," she said.

Mouth on hers he confessed, "It has its moments, but how could I know that before?"

Grey stole through the night, and warmed and grew. In the East the brightness heightened to rose. The lamp's gold was dimmed. The rose deepened to bands of scarlet.

"Why, Ross, it's dawn." Judith sat up. "Let's watch it

"Another and a better day because we're together. Come on, lazy. Come and be glad."

She jumped to her feet, and drew him up.

Together, the breeze clean on their faces, the sky a glory, they went to the rail, and, hands still clasped, looked out.

"I told you we were lucky," she said on a hushed note. "Fancy having the chance to share this!"

He nodded, and they stood silent, needing no further words.

Ross saw everything, and yet seemed to see nothing save a shimmering haze of rainbow colour.

But all at once he blinked and jerked his head, shaking himself out of the trance.

Silver on the silver sea, not half a mile from the shore, sailed the ghost of a three-masted schooner.

In that pearly light she was as spectral as the Flying Dutchman, and there was an uncanny beauty about her graceful lines and the white sweep of her sails.

"What's she doing here?" Ross wondered, for strange craft were rare visitors to Sinjamata.

"I don't know, but she makes the picture perfect."

With the growing day the ghost-ship did not vanish, but was etched in more firmly.

Ross studied her, brows knitted in an interrogative frown. How strangely she was behaving.

The breeze was stronger now, but though close in—so close as to be in imminent peril—those aboard made no attempt to handle her.

She came up into the wind, sails flapping idly; another puff caught her and she slid nearer to where the rocks of the headland waited.

The sails filled again, and she drew away, only to falter and drift back.

Surely the greatest novice would have had to realise the danger.

"What do they think they're doing?" Ross said. "Must be all asleep or drunk. If they don't look out she'll be aground."

Judith's hand tightened on his. "Ross, there's nobody on board."

"How could that be?"

Judith was stubborn and certain, as she was apt to be. "I don't care, that boat's deserted.

"And if she is and we go out and grab her it means salvage, doesn't it? Just as if we were on another ship and took her in tow?"

Ross gave a choked whoop. "Lord, you may be right, Judy. You generally are.

"There's some mystery, anyway, and we've got to go and investigate. The canoe I use for fishing is just down there. Come on!"

★ ★ ★

Hand in hand they raced across the white coral road and beneath the bending palms to the beach.

"Hop in!"

Ross pushed the outrigger off, and jumped into the stern. The paddle shattered the shining water.

They were too breathless, too agog, for speech. He drove the light craft feverishly.

Day brightened and all the sky flamed, and still the vessel out there, trim and neat, and bigger than the *Hendrik*, moved vaguely this way and that like a lost thing.

No figures showed on deck, but a row of white gulls lined the rail, perched there with confidence as if well assured they would not be disturbed.

Next week's short story will please you, too. It tells of a girl's adventure in one of London's "night spots."

May Edginton has written it—a guarantee of gay romance and healthy excitement.

Ross's hands were too occupied for him to point, but he jerked his head.

"In distress! See, they're flying the Stars-and-Stripes upside down."

He raised his voice and shouted at the top of his lungs, "Ahoy-y-y!"

But the only answer was the petulant crying of the gulls as they drove up in a cloud.

Next they hailed in unison.

★ ★ ★

Sharply the sails rattled and the schooner veered, vaguely, purposelessly, but there was no human voice.

Save for the gulls they were alone. The canoe ran alongside, and they fended her off the white hull.

"Quick! That rope behind you, Judy!" A pulse throbbed in Ross's brow, and his eyes glittered.

She threw it to him, and he passed an end over the rail, caught it as it fell, made a slip knot, and drew it tight.

"Hold her now. She'll wobble."

With the aid of the rope and the foothold offered by a porthole, he climbed the side and tumbled on to the deck.

As he stood up and looked about his breath escaped in a whistle of astonishment.

This was no ordinary trading schooner, but a luxury yacht.

Everything was in order, everything in place. Aft, under an awning, stood a baize-covered table with cards and scorers and cane chairs, the bright cushions a little faded.

Glasses were in the rests. The deck was perfectly normal—as normal as that of a model in a museum, and as dead and empty.

"Hi, there!" His call rang hollow as if shouted into a well.

"Ross, don't leave me down here."

He had forgotten Judith in his bewilderment. Amidships was a neatly folded pilot-ladder. He flung it over,

(Continued on page 42)

"The Greatest of These"

Iris

WHEN Iris's mother lay in hospital, she made friends with a fellow patient who found out she was in great distress, and wrote to JOHN BULL.

Her story is this :

Two years ago, her ex-Service husband, who had served in two wars and been discharged with heart trouble and malaria, suddenly dropped dead.

The shock made Iris's mother ill.

"I have been in bed nearly six months," she says. "Out of that I was in hospital three months.

"They sent me home in January, and I have to have a nurse in every day.

"I am trying hard to get right again, so that I can work for my children."

She has three children. Two boys aged twelve and five, and Iris aged seven.

The little girl has had several bad illnesses, and the youngest boy has been in hospital four times.

All that Iris's mother has to keep herself and her family is 29s. 6d. per week, out of which she pays 11s. rent.

Readers can help this heroic invalid by sending donations earmarked "Iris."

These, and subscriptions towards the General Fund, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

Give your family meals that keep them happy—or there'll be trouble! The easiest way to do it is to put Pan Yan on the table, whatever there is to eat. It has such an appetising flavour! And it's carefully blended with special ingredients to stimulate digestive organs. "Good temper starts in the stomach"—when the digestive organs are properly *stimulated*. And there's nothing that can do the trick like Pan Yan!

LUXURY MARMALADE COSTS LESS!

When you find yourself thinking 'How dear everything is!'—say to yourself 'Thank goodness Hartley's isn't!' Hartley's, the best marmalade money can buy, is still *down* in price—and 6½d. buys the one-pound jar! What a blessing, with prices what they are, to know that there's one real luxury you can buy with an easy conscience. What a difference it makes, to have marmalade like this for the family's breakfast—real, honest-to-goodness Seville orange marmalade, with the clean, fresh Seville tang!

HERE'S AN OPEN SECRET!

There's nothing complicated about the recipe for Hartley's Marmalade: Seville oranges and fine white sugar—nothing else. In point of fact there are only three things needed to make a luxury marmalade like this: real Seville oranges—white sugar—and knowing how to make perfect marmalade. *As Hartley's have known for the past 60 years!*

HARTLEY'S MARMALADE

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6½D PER LB. 2 lbs. 1/-

QUALITY GUARANTEED UNCHANGED

ONLY 2 INGREDIENTS —*real Seville oranges and fine white sugar.*

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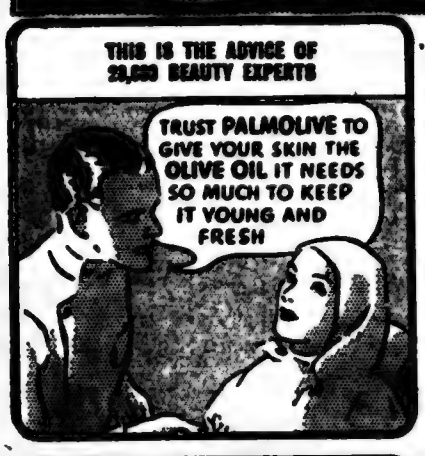
PALMOLIVE

Preserve that youthful bloom in your skin and you'll be lovely always. And it's not only your complexion that matters nowadays—your skin must be silky soft and smooth "all over." It will be, if you use Palmolive in your bath. For the gentle, creamy olive oil lather of Palmolive brings skin loveliness from top to toe.


THIS IS THE ADVICE OF 29,000 BEAUTY EXPERTS
TRUST PALMOLIVE TO GIVE YOUR SKIN THE OLIVE OIL IT NEEDS SO MUCH TO KEEP IT YOUNG AND FRESH

ROMANCE AWAITS A LOVELY COMPLEXION— PALMOLIVE POINTS THE WAY
IT WAS THAT WONDERFUL COMPLEXION OF YOURS THAT GOT ME, AND I DON'T MEAN EVER TO LET YOU GO!

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Think what modern labour-saving devices can do to lighten your washing day. Have you an ACME Cabinet Wringer Mangle? Write to Acme Wringers Ltd., David Street, Glasgow, for Booklet 3.C, which gives full details of this and other models.

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EVERY article advertised in JOHN BULL carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

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Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in JOHN BULL, and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

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"I CONFESS!"—by a Convicted Share-pusher

Jacob Factor, "King" of Share-pushers, duped the British public of more than £1,000,000

When I Double-Crossed Jacob Factor

By John Marsden Firth

AFTER the fade-out of the Kensington Trust, with which I dealt in my last article, I was "on the run" from the Bankruptcy Court officials.

In the end, of course, I was caught and sentenced to eighteen months.

But, believe me, I led the Bankruptcy Court a wonderful dance.

Most of the time I was dodging around with theatrical and concert party companies.

Once the Official Receiver in Bankruptcy found me when I was playing in a show at Louth, Lincolnshire.

I received orders—which I dare not neglect—to travel to London to appear before a Senior Examiner in Bankruptcy at Carey Street.

There came a point in our interview when it was necessary for me to sign a document. The paper was placed before me and the examiner went from the room.

Some uncanny instinct then induced me to take up the telephone on the desk. It was one of those inter-communication instruments, and I heard a voice saying:

"He is just about to sign. Ring through on the other telephone to the detective-sergeant at Cannon Row and ask him to come along at once."

Enough for me. I jammed back the receiver, seized my hat and coat, and dashed from the office.

After that incident, I was missing, so far as the Bankruptcy Court was concerned, for a year at least.

While I was lying low, I had time for another fling, which resulted in my meeting Jacob Factor, the King of All Share-pushers, an American crook who took more than a million pounds from this country by retailing, through his high-power salesmen, his own particular "dud" shares.

I entered Factor's employment—and I despoiled him by the most perfect "double-cross."

Through a friend I received an offer to run a small financial newspaper, which was used for the purpose of boosting worthless shares.

Of course, the whole thing was crooked, otherwise I should not have been invited to join. I was desperate, and the salary of £12 a week was a bait I could not refuse. So for the only time in my career I became an editor.

★ ★ ★

Before I had been long in the job, my office telephone rang. The voice at the other end had a pronounced American accent.

"Can I do anything for you?" I asked. "I am Jack Firth, the editor."

"You can. A whole lot," replied the caller. "I am calling from Le Touquet, France. My name is Factor—Jacob Factor. Does that mean anything to you?"

My heart went up a bit—Jacob Factor, the leader of "our profession," calling me!

"Yes, it does. A whole lot," I said to the telephone, deliberately using Factor's own phrase.

"Now listen. Your paper is 'knocking' my shares. I want it to stop. Your boss has already been warned twice.

"Now I'm warning you. This cut-throat business is madness. There's enough for everybody.

"Maybe you didn't know. Well, you know now. My man will be in London next week. I'd like you to meet him."

I told him I would be pleased to meet his representative and talk the matter over. The appointment was made.

As a matter of fact, I met not only the agent, but Factor himself.

★ ★ ★

It was a very hush-hush business. The Secret Service could not have been more secretive than the man who conducted me to a small office near the Stock Exchange.

My conception of Jacob Factor had been quite wrong. I visualised a man of at least middle-age. This man was young.

He was good-looking, too, with dark, wavy hair, and brilliant, intense eyes in a pale face. He told me that he understood I was expecting trouble—meaning arrest—and said he would be glad to help me.

"You might wonder why," he went on. "Well, I'll be frank. I've got a hunch that you're the sort of guy I want.

"Anyway, I'm ready to take a chance on it. How do you feel about it?"

"Count me in," I laughed. "I'm always ready for anything."

"Guess you can do with a bit of ammunition."

"If you mean cash," I said, "you've certainly guessed right."

"Give him a monkey (£500), Bill," Factor ordered, turning to one of the other men in the room. The notes were peeled off there and then and handed to me.

That was how I became a Factor man.

My first job for him had to do with the paper I had been running.

"That rag has been crabbing my shares, as you know," said Factor. "That's got to stop. Fix it for me. I'll provide the dough—anything up to £1,000."

The commission seemed dead easy. I interviewed my previous employer—he has since died—and had no difficulty in persuading him to give the Factor interests a rest in return for a cash present of £1,000.

★ ★ ★

I reported back to Factor. He handed me the £1,000, and sent another man with me to make sure I played straight in handing it over.

But the attacks on Factor's shares did not stop. In the very next issue there was an article more vicious than ever. He had double-crossed us.

Factor was furious. He called a conference of his leading associates, including myself, to decide what should be done.

A plan was drawn up and I was put in charge of the operations.

The scheme was to print and distribute 300,000 handbills attacking as a share-pusher the man who was doing his best to expose us.

I had the bills printed, and set fifty men on the job of handing them out to passers-by in all the main City streets.

Factor won all right. The man was blacklisted by his brokers; his landlord gave him notice to vacate his offices, and within a few weeks his paper was dead.

Jacob was pleased. I was glad to be in the good books of so powerful—if unscrupulous—a man.

There was an Old Bailey sequel. The man who had been foolish enough to defy Factor was arraigned there on a charge of blackmail and sent to three years' penal servitude.

He died in Parkhurst Prison. Later I joined him there, but we never spoke to each other.

Jacob Factor was thorough and ruthless. There were no limits to the lengths he would go to attain his ends.

The next commission he gave me proved this. It was an authorisation to go to £20,000 for the purchase of an important periodical which was making things difficult for him.

I did my best, but the deal did not come off.

There was yet a third paper doing its best to cramp Factor's style. This was a North Country pamphlet, published by outside brokers and distributed free.

Orders were given to me to buy these people off.

In return for an undertaking to stop all attacks on Factor's shares, I was empowered to pay £4,000, and promised £1,000 for myself, plus £100 expenses.

I travelled to the North, interviewed the owners of the paper and sounded them as to the possibilities of a deal.

There was nothing doing. I saw at once that these were not the type of people who could be bought.

A disappointment for me. I needed that £1,000 badly.

Since joining up with Factor, I had installed myself in a costly West End flat, and had developed the habit of flying to Le Touquet at week-ends and staying at the famous Hermitage Hotel.

On the way back from the North I began to work out a scheme for "putting one across" my new boss.

First essential of my plan was to in-

(Continued on page 30)

Slim and Rejuvenate Your Figure

Why be unshapely, tired, uninteresting? A slim figure can be yours—NOW—without dangerous drugs or irksome dieting! Wear the supremely comfortable Aldecren REDUCING CORSET and regain your youthfulness and charm. Expertly fashioned in a special odourless rubber fabric, this Corset effects an imperceptible massage-like treatment which eliminates unwanted flesh in a harmless and healthy way. Try one on approval for

1/6 DEPOSIT (plus 6d. postage)

(Your deposit refunded if not satisfied). Balance may be paid by monthly instalments of 2/6. EASY TERMS NO EXTRA. In Tea Rose washable lined rubber fabric (no rubber next the skin), with lightly boned supports and four suspenders. Sizes 24 to 40 ins. waist. Choose either a Closed Back model or Laced Back. Specify sizes 20 to 40ins. bust.

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Please send me a Reducing Corset.
Also Brassiere (Cross out if not required)
Enclose crossed P.O. for 2/- (deposit and postage) with name (Mrs. or Miss) and address and Bust, Waist and Hip measurements. State if LACED BACK or LACED EACH model required.
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WORLD'S LARGEST MAIL ORDER CORSET HOUSE
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BAD EGGS FOR BREAKFAST

You wouldn't eat bad eggs for breakfast, would you? But do you realise that with your morning eggs and bacon you may be eating something more dangerous than tainted food? You may be swallowing a million germs—carrying them down into your stomach with your food, where they get into your blood-stream and attack your whole system. These germs can only get at you through your mouth and nose. Protect yourself against them with Milton. Use it morning and night as a gargle—½ teaspoonful to a tumbler of water. Milton is the finest germicide known to science. It dissolves germ-laden mucus and keeps your mouth, nose and throat — perfect breeding-grounds for bacteria—clean, healthy and disease-resisting.

When you wake up with a sore throat and a splitting head, it means germs are attacking you. An ordinary cold means that germs have got into your system. Get a sixpenny bottle of Milton to-day. You'll find it will relieve sore throats in a few minutes. It will banish colds in the head, relieve catarrh, and safeguard you against Influenza. Remember Milton means death to germs and health to you.

Read here what Milton users think of it:—

"After three gargles all traces of soreness and inflammation were gone, and a treatment of the nasal passages with a weak solution of Milton gave me ease of breathing for the first time for 4 days."
(J. H., Halesowen).

"Being subject to colds and a sufferer from catarrh at this time of year, I have found Milton invaluable. I have found that a nightly tumblerful of warm water with a spot of Milton added, gargled, and a couple of mouthfuls swallowed, not only keeps one free from colds, but gives a wonderful feeling of fitness."
(A. M., Brimsdown).

Always keep a bottle of Milton handy and you will be ready for emergencies. Read the booklet enclosed with every 6d. bottle—"100 ways to use Milton."

Lady Helena Fitzwilliam says:—

"The simple reason I always use EVAN WILLIAMS SHAMPOO is that it brings to the hair a degree of refinement and charm impossible to obtain in any other way. The final touch of brilliantine seems superfluous — an attempt to improve the perfect — but Evan Williams Brilliantine does impart a delightfully natural gloss and its delicate perfume always reflects good taste."

Write for free booklet on the "Care of the Hair" to EVAN WILLIAMS CO. LTD., Dept. J.B., Perivale, Greenford, Middlesex.

EVAN WILLIAMS

The Aristocrat of Shampoos

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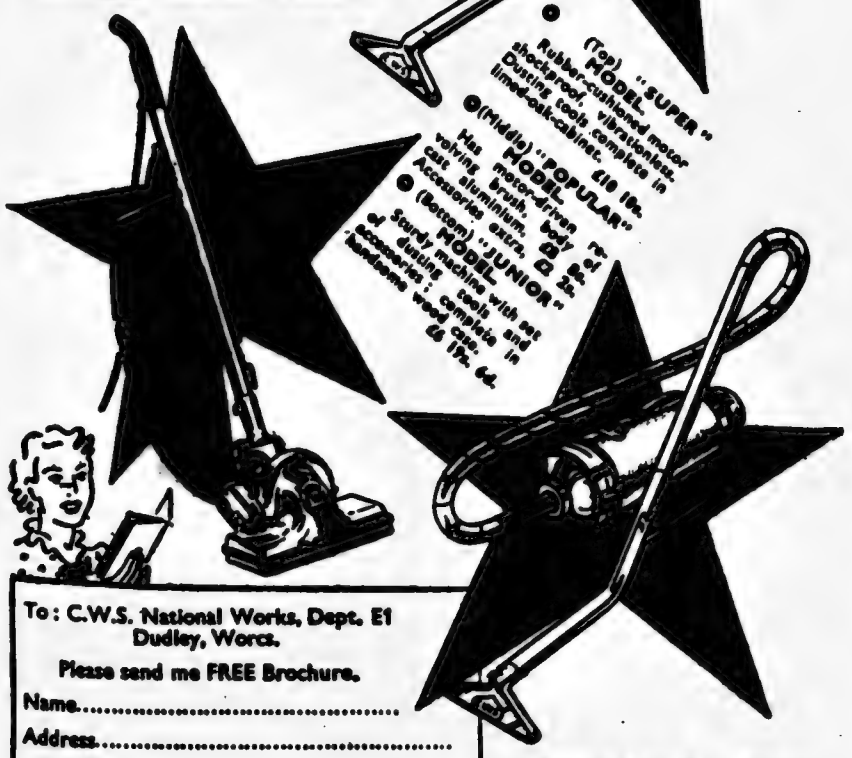
The star performers in house-proud homes are 'Dudley-Electric' Vacuum cleaners, made by the C.W.S. Thorough, efficient, and co-operative throughout. Our brochure, free on application, introduces you to

The DUDLEY-3 ELECTRIC

C.W.S. Reliable Electrical Products.



● (Top) "SUPER" MODEL. Rubber-cushioned motor shockproof, vibrationless. Dusting tools complete in limed-oak cabinet. £10 10s.

● (Middle) "POPULAR" MODEL. Has motor-driven brush, body of revolving aluminium, cast aluminium extra. Accessories as "SUPER" £8 8s.

● (Bottom) "JUNIOR" MODEL. Sturdy machine with set of dusting tools and accessories; complete in handsome wood case. £6 19s. 6d.

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Please send me FREE Brochure.

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Address.....

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Obtainable from all Co-operative Societies.

How do Nestlé's babies grow?

When a baby seems to be slipping back instead of gaining ground, Nestlé's Milk works what seems to be a miracle. Nestlé's Milk is all the goodness of rich, full cream milk; *but with one important difference.* The curd it forms is so light and flaky that the weakest little stomach can digest it — completely.

Every drop of Nestlé's Milk goes to build good strong bones, and rounded sturdy limbs — a firm foundation, a firm grip on life.

LARGE SIZE 8D HALF SIZE 4½D

NESTLÉ'S MILK

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Cultivate the habit of reading the advertisements in "John Bull" week by week. You will profit by it.

The Guarantee appears in this issue on page 27.

THE BEST WORKMEN WEAR THEM. THE BEST OUTFITTERS SELL THEM.

Whether your job be indoors or outdoors you will find Lybro Overalls last longest despite repeated washings.
Lybro
OVERALLS

WHY SOME CHILDREN PUT ON WEIGHT FASTER THAN OTHERS

Nearly all children are given cod liver oil tonics in winter, to build up their bodies and protect them against illness. Then why do some children thrive better than others?

PRACTICALLY every mother knows that children *must* be given a cod liver oil tonic in winter, to help them to put on weight, and to protect them against coughs, colds and epidemics.

Then why is it that, although almost every child is given cod liver oil, some children put on weight much faster than others and are much more free from colds?

A famous Medical Research Body has discovered the answer: some children cannot take ordinary cod liver oil — their digestions aren't strong enough. They need to be given their oil in its wholly *digestible* form — Scotts Brand Emulsion.

"When cod liver oil is given in the white, creamy form of Scotts Brand Emulsion," says this Research Body, "children can wholly digest the oil, and get all the body-building protective goodness they need."

FOUR GOOD REASONS WHY YOUR CHILD'S COD LIVER OIL TONIC MUST BE SCOTTS BRAND EMULSION

1. Ordinary cod liver oil is difficult for some children to take.
2. Scotts Brand Emulsion is the most digestible form of cod liver oil. Soon after taking a spoonful, *every drop* goes to strengthen the child's body, particularly the chest and lungs.
3. Scotts Brand Emulsion *helps* your child's digestive juices. Thus it ensures that the body gets more nourishment out of food.
4. Scotts Brand Emulsion also contains hypophosphites of lime and soda, to help in building up your child's bones and teeth.

Next time you are ordering a winter tonic for your child, remember that only Scotts Brand Emulsion has these advantages.

The other boys used to call him "Skinny"

"MY BOY used to be a great worry to me," writes a Leicester mother. "Every winter since he was a baby I'd given him a cod liver oil tonic, but still he kept catching colds, and became pale and peaky—the boys at his school used to call him 'Skinny.'

"Then I decided to try giving him Scotts Brand Emulsion, for a change — and a real 'change' it was. He gained five pounds last winter, and he didn't catch a single cold."

Follow this mother's example — put your child on a course of Scotts Brand Emulsion today!

"I Confess!"

(Continued from page 28)

duce the American to believe that my mission had been successful.

So, when I reported to him, the story I told was very different from the truth.

I said the proprietors of the paper had been very sticky at first, but after a lot of persuasion had agreed to the proposition

"And, what is more," I lied, "they are quite ready to be quiet about your shares if you make the figure £5,000 instead of £4,000."

"That's great," cried the delighted Factor. "Proves what I have always said, 'Every man has his price.'"

At my suggestion, Factor gave instructions to one of the financial journalists attached to his staff to write an article extolling the merits of a "radio company," the worthless shares of which he was pushing at that time.

I left, ostensibly to travel back north. Actually I went to a printer—an old friend—taking with me a copy of the northern financial paper I had brought back with me.

"Can you reproduce that paper?" I asked the printer. He told me he could.

That was all I wanted to know. I sent off a wire ordering two copies of the northern paper—it was the new publishing day—to be sent to my address in London.

The rest was easy. In the issue of the paper which reached me next day was a short article warning investors against the radio company's shares.

I cut this out and substituted in its place the matter which had been prepared at Factor's direction. I then ordered 100 copies of the paper, identical in every other way with the original, to be printed as quickly as possible.

The printer made a real good job of it. Only an expert or a person who had been a regular reader could have told which copies had been printed in London and which had come from the north.

Now came the real test. Would Factor be deceived?

Before going to see him, I rang up on the telephone, pretending that I had just returned from a second trip to the North, and reporting success.

"I was just in time," I said, "to get that material into the latest edition. I've brought a few copies with me."

Factor made no attempt to disguise his pleasure, and when, a quarter of an hour later, I walked into his office, I was received as though I were a £20,000 investor.

"That's the best stroke of business we've done for months," he said.

My next task was to get hold of the cash. I struck while the iron was hot. "I was made to promise," I said, "that I would hand the £5,000 over personally in cash.

"There are obvious reasons why those people don't want your cheque.

"I suggest that you let another man travel up with me, as you did in the other case."

"That's not necessary," Factor replied. "You've played a lone hand in this so far, and you shall see it through.

"I'll make a cheque payable to you for £5,500. Does that suit you?"

Next day I collected the money, but I didn't travel north with it, as Factor thought.

I used the bulk of it to get myself straight with my pressing creditors.

This trick of mine was not discovered for at least a month, and I do not know to this day how it came to light.

Perhaps he was made suspicious by the fact that I kept away from him for some time

I only went back when I had another financial newspaper deal to suggest.

I knew the moment I entered Factor's office that he had "rumbled" me.

He gave me a searching, quizzical look.

"Give him £500, Bill," said Factor

"So you've come back," he said. "Got a nerve, haven't you? I'm too old a bird to be caught twice.

"That was a very neat trick of yours. I hand it to you, even if it did cost me £5,000 odd.

"But I'm not squealing. The man who can put it over me deserves every penny he makes."

"It was a bit dirty of me," I almost apologised, "and it is very sporting of you to take it like this."

"Forget it! You've got brains. I like brains. I want men like you on my side. What do you say to linking up again?"

I should have accepted Factor's offer to rejoin his "circus" of salesmen, but events prevented.

For I was arrested for the Kensington Trust affair.

The telephone bell rang one morning in my house, and the maid brought the message that someone was asking for me.

By the time I reached the telephone the line was "dead."

Shortly after that two detectives came to the house and I was arrested.

And the end of it was my eighteen months' imprisonment for the Kensington Trust affair.

Really I was lucky. I expected to receive penal servitude.

Next Week:
In the Money Again

Special Pools Service (by "Poolex")

BACK to penny pool problems this week, in response to many requests.

Most of my correspondents have told me of their forecasting difficulties in the penny pool matches, and profess a great dislike for using any bankers.

So I am introducing the principle of "group bankers."

Instead of saying that matches A and B will be home wins and match C will be a draw, we say that this *group* of three matches will result in two home wins and one draw.

The following tables show the way to mark your coupon to cover the group of results you are banking on.

Make-up of the group, or "heading," as it is known, is shown at the top of each table.

Table 1 (3 matches).
2 Homes, 1 Draw.

1	1	x
1	x	1
x	1	1

Table 2 (3 matches).
1 Home, 1 draw, 1 away.

1	x	x	1	2	2
x	1	2	2	1	x
2	2	1	x	x	1

Table 3 (4 matches).
3 Homes, 1 Draw.

1	1	1	x
1	1	x	1
1	x	1	1
x	1	1	1

Table 4 (4 matches).
2 Homes, 2 Draws.

1	1	x	1	x	x
1	x	1	x	1	x
x	1	1	x	x	1
x	x	x	1	1	1

Table 5 (4 matches).
2 Homes, 1 Draw, 1 Away.

1	1	x	1	x	x	1	1	2	1	2	2
1	x	1	x	1	2	1	2	1	2	1	x
x	1	1	2	2	1	2	1	1	x	x	1
2	2	2	1	1	1	x	x	x	1	1	1

Table 6 (5 matches).
4 Homes, 1 Draw.

1	1	1	1	x
1	1	1	x	1
1	1	x	1	1
1	x	1	1	1
x	1	1	1	1

Table 7 (5 matches).
3 Homes, 2 Draws.

1	1	1	x	1	1	x	1	x	x
1	1	x	1	1	x	1	x	1	x
1	x	1	1	x	1	1	x	x	1
x	1	1	1	x	x	x	1	1	1
x	x	x	x	1	1	1	1	1	1

It is a simple matter to alter these tables to cover other similar headings. Readers should have no difficulty in this. For instance, Table 7 can be adapted to cover 3 aways and 2 draws, simply by altering the 1's to 2's.

Next week I will show how to build up the entry in this way and also give some hints on forecasting the likely results in the various groups.

Graded Guide by "Poolex" (copyright)

Below are the games to be played on Saturday, March 5, not in the customary categories of League Divisions, but specially arranged to form a Graded Guide to the likely results of these matches. Six performances of each team have been assessed by awarding points for each performance on its merits.

Thus the likeliest Home Winners to choose from are at the top of the list. To pick likely Away Winners make your choice from those at the end.

POINTS IN FAVOUR OF HOME TEAM.

72 Bristol C. v. Cardiff.	22 Motherwell v. Hamilton.	10 Third Lanark v. Clyde.
30 St. Bernards v. Montrose.	20 Exeter v. Bristol Rovers.	9 Aldershot v. Torquay.
29 Millwall v. Clapton O.	19 Watford v. Walsall.	8 Wrexham v. Rochdale.
28 Wolves v. Leeds.	18 Celtic v. Kilmarnock.	7 Spurs v. Sunderland.
26 Derby v. Birmingham.	17 Leicester v. Liverpool.	6 Hull v. Accrington.
24 Crewe v. Southport.	16 King's Park v. Stenhouse.	4 Falkirk v. Albion Rovers.
23 West Ham v. Luton.	15 Gateshead v. Halifax.	3 Arsenal v. Stoke.
26 Chesterfield v. Burnley.	14 Southampton v. Barnsley.	2 Blackpool v. Portsmouth.
24 Everton v. Grimsby.	13 Dundee v. St. Mirren.	1 Aston V. v. Manchester C.
23 Lincoln v. Chester.	11 Partick v. Raith Rovers.	

POINTS IN FAVOUR OF AWAY TEAM.

Bolton v. Charlton.	1	Port Vale v. Bradford C.	12	East Fife v. Aberdeen.	23
New Brighton v. Carlisle.	2	Sheff. W. v. Manchester U.	14	Norwich v. Coventry.	24
Reading v. Southend.	5	Hartlepools v. Rotherham	15	Swindon v. Mansfield.	29
Gillingham v. North'pton.	6	Brentford v. Preston.	16	Newport v. Bournemouth.	41
York v. Huddersfield.	8	Swansea v. Bury.	17	Oldham v. Tranmere.	43
Brechin v. Dundee U.	9	Blackburn v. Stockport.	20	Queen of S. v. Rangers.	50
Barrow v. Doncaster.	10	Cowdenbeath v. Airdrie.	27	Fulham v. Sheffield U.	51
Crystal P. v. Q.P.R.	11	Notts C. v. Brighton.	28	Morton v. Ayr.	56
Bradford v. Newcastle.	12	Forfar v. Leith.	33		

Use Snowfire Tablet to protect hands from redness & painful chaps

3d. Family Size 7½d.
Soft Snowfire in tins 3d.

X MAKE YOUR WIRELESS SET PLAY RECORDS

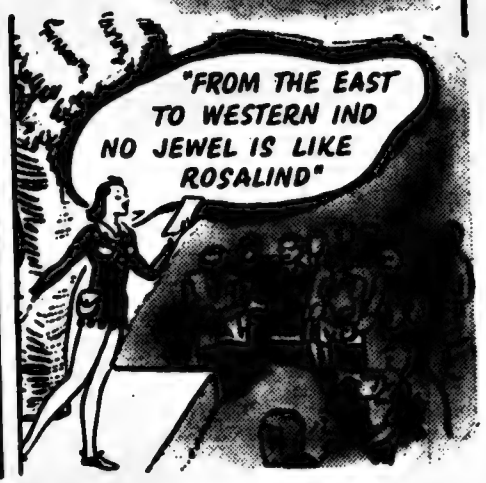
● Simply plug in the inexpensive new Columbia Record Player, switch on, and records are played electrically through your wireless loudspeaker. No winding. Write for Illustrated Descriptive Leaflet—Columbia, 102 Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

NORMA KNIGHT's rise to stardom

EPISODE 1

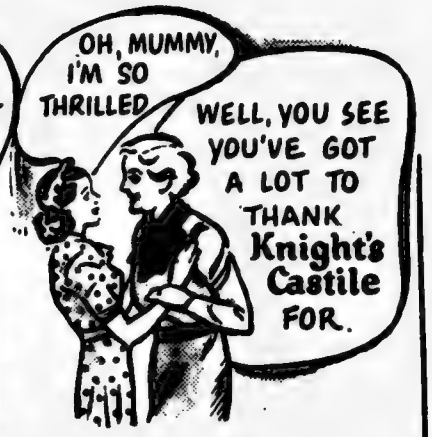
Norma wins the acting trophy

Every year a prize was awarded at school for the best acting of the year.



The day of the school play, Norma gave a brilliant performance.

Humphrey Carson, the famous actor-manager, was presenting the prize.



Tired but triumphant, Norma went home to bed.

Knight's Castile

SPECIALLY MADE FOR THE FACE

In the next episode Norma leaves school. What will she become? You can be sure, at all events, that she will achieve success in life if she goes on guarding her complexion with Knight's Castile, the soap that prevents "Tired Skin."

4d PER TABLET U.K. only

KC 208-264-68 John Knight Limited, London, E.16. Soap Makers since 1810

Electric water's so hot I put it straight into the bottle

Isn't it lovely to have constant hot water—so hot you can fill real, good, cuddlesome hot water bottles straight from the tap at any time—day or night? That's just how it is when you have *electric* hot water

It's ready at any moment—for hubbie's shaving water—to bring the tea kettle to boiling point. But best of all, an *electric* water heater is the cheapest and easiest of all hot water systems to install. You just have the automatic *electric* heater put into your existing hot water tank and then forget all about it in your enjoyment of constant hot water. Pop into your nearest electrical showrooms today—you will be surprised at the ease and economy with which you can have *electric* hot water

Easiest and most Economical

ELECTRIC WATER HEATER

Issued by The British Electrical Development Association, 2 Savoy Hill, London, W.C.2.

PILES

A Doctor's Formula Gives Prompt Relief and Certain Cure.

The danger of Piles is not readily understood because the trouble is seldom talked about, but you can't mistake the symptoms. That heavy, dragging "bearing-down," which saps your energy and makes it impossible for you to give your mind to your work; swelling, pain and a burning irritation which nothing seems to relieve; hæmorrhage and protrusion.

The **MAGIC BRAND PILE CURE**—a doctor's formula—can be relied upon to give instant relief and permanently heal, even when the piles are so swollen and bleed so alarmingly that an operation seems inevitable. Thousands of former sufferers are grateful to the **MAGIC PILE CURE** for their present good health.

"I received greater relief from your Magic Pile cure in one week than during 10 years of treatment in hospital."—A.S., Guildford.

Piles undermine the system both mentally and physically; surgical methods are unnecessary and unwise. If you are suffering from any form of rectal trouble, be persuaded to try **MAGIC PILE CURE**. The first application of this soothing treatment will reduce protrusions, check irritation and hæmorrhage, and rapidly heal, no matter how stubborn or long-standing the case may be. So why continue to suffer? **FREE SAMPLE** gladly sent on request to—

MAGIC LABORATORIES, H.N.4. NEW COURT, FARRINGDON STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.

RHEUMATICS

SPEEDY RELIEF AFTER PROLONGED SUFFERING

For 100 years Eades Brand Pills have given immediate relief from the agonies of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Gout, Sciatica, Neuritis, Arthritis. Eades Brand Pills break up and dissolve the accumulation of uric acid and cleanse the system of the resultant waste matter. This double action curative property gives them a great advantage over purgative chemical salts or dangerous drugs which do not alone eliminate poisonous acid deposits.

EVIDENCE

"Having suffered for months with Sciatica, your Pills have given me great relief, more than anything else I have tried, besides doing my general health so much good."—London, W.C., Jan. 6, 1938.

"My wife has derived great benefit from your Pills. She suffered Neuritis for months. Doctors and other medicines failed until she tried your Pills. Relief set in after the first dose. Now she will never be without them."—Anerley, S.E., December, 1937.

EADES BRAND RHEUMATIC AND GOUT PILLS

IN BOTTLES at 1s. 3d. & 3s. FROM ALL CHEMISTS.

I Saw for Myself—

by a "John Bull" Investigator

BOMBS— OR BIRDS?

WHICH comes first, protection of the nation against air-raiders or the preservation of beauty spots?

In recent weeks General Sir Edmund Ironside, of the Eastern Command, has been looking for places in which to create training camps for his anti-aircraft artillery.

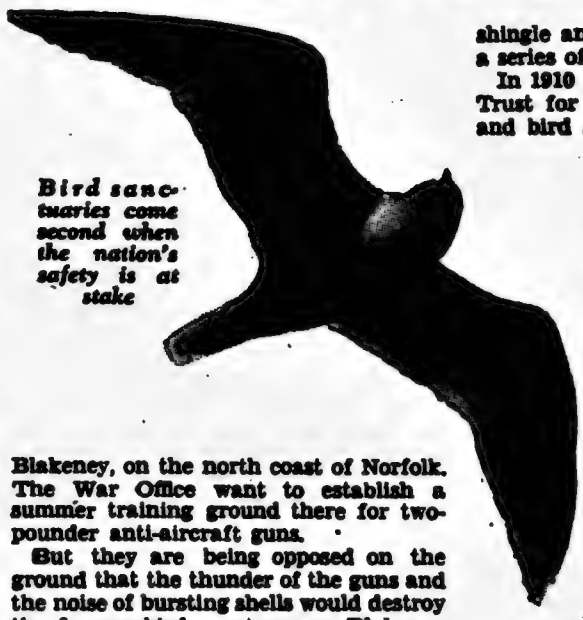
He says he has travelled from Chichester to the coast of Lincolnshire, and, wherever he has found a suitable site for a camp, he has been told by the local authorities he cannot have it, for it is too beautiful for transformation into a shooting-range.

And in despair he has said: "You have these wonderful amenities. How long do you think you will have them if I do not do these things?"

We live in days when danger from the air threatens everybody and everything, and unless we are defended against enemy bombing we are lost.

And bombs are no respecters of beauty spots.

Lately there has been a renewal of this controversy, centred about the village of Blakeney, on the north coast of Norfolk. The War Office want to establish a summer training ground there for two-pounder anti-aircraft guns.



Bird sanctuaries come second when the nation's safety is at stake

But they are being opposed on the ground that the thunder of the guns and the noise of bursting shells would destroy the famous bird sanctuary on Blakeney Point—and, perhaps even more important, interfere with sailing in the harbour and quite upset the annual regattas.

So I went to Blakeney to see for myself.

Not so long ago it was a thriving little port.

★ ★ ★

Ocean-going ships used to tie up alongside the quay, discharge cargoes of coal and food, and take aboard local produce.

There was also a large number of fishing craft of all kinds, for fishing off the point was plentiful and profitable.

Now that is all changed. The quay looks weary and worn-out.

An old coal barge, adapted as a houseboat, is moored by the sea wall, and at low water it sits up on the sandbank like a humpty-dumpty.

The creek leading to the old harbour is now silted up, and at certain times of the day it is quite easy to walk from one side to the other in a pair of waders.

Indeed, if it were not for summer visitors, the village must have become even more unimportant, just one of those hamlets clustering round the squat, rectangular tower of the church, so often to be found in this part of the country.

While I was there the recent gales had reduced the foreshore to something like desolation.

Great tides, worst for forty years, had lifted big motor launches and dropped them at the end of the main village street, where they still lay with huge holes gaping in their sides.

Waves had swept over the intervening marshes and torn away hundreds of acres of reeds and sea heather, and had piled up the debris in huge mounds that stretched for hundreds of yards.

Not a single motor-boat had been left intact by the storm, and to reach the Point—without making a long detour by the village of Cley-by-the-Sea—it was necessary to row down the bleak waters of the creek for more than a mile.

Blakeney Point is at the end of a peninsula some miles in length, a peninsula which is bordered, on the north, by a shelving beach of shell, shingle and sand, and, on the south, by a series of sand dunes.

In 1910 it was bought by the National Trust for preservation as a playground and bird sanctuary. The recent storm washed away 40 yards of the sanctuary.

It is not until April that the period of migration begins.

Then the birds come in thousands and nest in the open in cups of sand, sheltered by sea heather and coarse grass on the sides of the dunes.

They are left undisturbed—ordinary terns, sandwich terns, black-headed gulls, redshanks, oyster-catchers, and plovers.

But somehow the miracle of bird migration did not greatly impress the fisherman at my side. His comment was brief:

"But what is the use of the tern? He only eats our whitebait. Gulls are different; they pick up waste and eat worms behind the plough. But terns just eat whitebait."

Next, I made enquiries in the villages of Blakeney and Morston, to see what they thought about having troops in the neighbourhood and periods of artillery firing.

Opinions were divided. Those who owned hotels and boarding-houses and depended on holiday-makers were indignant. They said it would ruin everything.

Those who owned sailing boats were furious at the prospect of interference with their regatta.

Small traders were either indifferent or took the view that the presence of troops in the neighbouring camp would mean extra money spent in the village.

And there were some other observations I heard from people who had lived in the villages for many years.

Within a short time, they said, even the terns would become accustomed to the firing, and would continue to nest on the Point.

Fishermen declared that firing would not go on all the time, that the harbour would not be closed, and so what of it? In any case, the soldiers would bring a bit of new life into the district.

What will be the outcome? *This is a test case.*

Perhaps the War Office will decide to go elsewhere, for already claims for compensation on a formidable scale are pouring in.

★ ★ ★

But sites for anti-aircraft training centres for both the Regular and Territorial forces must be found.

Aerial warfare is a terrifying thing; it is a menace that must be countered.

Fighting aircraft no longer cruise along at 100 miles an hour. Speeds are now reaching to the neighbourhood of 400 m.p.h.

It is not a question of trailing a sleeve behind a slow machine and taking pot-shots at it.

Modern training demands the launching into the air of targets which travel at the same rate as bombing 'planes.

For that reason a certain amount of land is essential, as well as a stretch of water.

When Sir Edmund Ironside hit on Blakeney there was immediate opposition, skilfully organised.

Suggestions were made that he might go to Stiffkey, four miles away. But at Stiffkey he was reminded of the beauties of the Stiffkey river and the Stiffkey valley, and also that *forty* women obtained their living from picking cockles and mussels.

Now the War Office have been asked to consider two alternative sites, one at Holkham and one south of Cromer.

What will be the grounds for opposition in these cases?

Well, that is the position. Now consider this.

In England there are about 40,000,000 people, who, in the event of war, would be at the mercy of enemy bombers, that would not take into account local patriotism.

Blakeney has a resident population of 600 honest, hard-working, not always well paid, men and women, who get their living, nine months of the year, as best they can.

In the remaining three an average of 1,800 visitors come to look at 2,500 terns' nests and sail 100 small boats in the sand-filled creeks.

The answer must obviously be in favour of setting up the training camp at once.

Did not the Master say:

"Fear not, therefore; Ye are of more value than many sparrows."

PUT A STOP TO
SHAVING NICKS
OUCH! RAZOR SLIPPED! JUST A NICK BUT IT'S STARTED BLEEDING— WHERE'S THE 'NEW-SKIN'?
JUST A TOUCH OF NEW-SKIN
THAT'S BETTER 'NEW-SKIN' STOPPED IT BLEEDING IN NO TIME. GOOD STUFF 'NEW-SKIN' GOT SO MANY USES!
NEW-SKIN
BRAND
ANTISEPTIC WATERPROOF COATING

• End all that annoyance and delay. A quick touch of 'New-Skin' covers the cut with an *invisible* coating that's waterproof and antiseptic. Always use 'New-Skin' for any minor skin injury.

For Chilblains, Cracked Lips, Chapped Hands, Cuts, Burns, Blisters etc. For Corns and Hangnails.

Buy a bottle from your chemist today. The bigger bottle contains twice the quantity.

there's nothing like— NEW-SKIN

BRAND
ANTISEPTIC WATERPROOF COATING

Like a Stab in the Back!

Healthy Kidneys Keep You Well

"Every Picture tells a Story."

THE FIRST WARNINGS of sluggish kidneys are usually sharp or dull pains in the back, unnatural or painful urine and rheumatic twinges. Ease cannot be expected until kidney action becomes strong enough to filter out the impurities in the blood which are causing your misery. Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills will do this. They stimulate the kidney filter and destroy bacteria in the urine. No medicine equals Doans for ending backache, lumbago, bladder weakness, disturbed nights, painful muscles and joints.

Backache, Sciatica, Gravel

Mr. J. Hedges, 27, Harding Street, Swindon, says:—"I thought I was paralysed when I was first taken with sciatica. My back was bad too and I was unable to stoop. Gravel in the urine showed that the kidneys were wrong and I had difficulty in getting relief. Time after time I had to be off work. The medicine which ended my illness was Doans Backache Kidney Pills. They put the kidneys right and made me fitter than ever.

(*Signed*) J. Hedges."

Ask your Chemist for

DOANS Backache Kidney Pills

JUST A
RADIO ROMANCE
UNTIL...
LUCKY YOUR RADIO AUDIENCE CAN'T SEE HOW YOUR "SWEETHEART" TREATS YOU OFF THE AIR!
I KNOW IT! YOU'D THINK I HAD BAD BREATH OR SOMETHING!
WELL, BAD BREATH IS NO JOKE. IF YOU'LL TAKE A FRIENDLY HINT HUGH, YOU'LL SEE YOUR DENTIST!
(THINKS) —SO THAT IS WHY SHIRLEY ALWAYS DISAPPEARS SO QUICKLY AFTER THE SHOW!
HUGH TAKES THE HINT...
BAD BREATH! MOST OF IT COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES BETWEEN THE TEETH. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES ODOUR-BREEDING DEPOSITS.
RIGHTO, FROM NOW ON, COLGATE'S FOR ME!
AFTER THEIR NEXT BROADCAST...
WHY DON'T YOU COME ROUND TO MY HOUSE TO REHEARSE NEXT WEEK'S SONGS, HUGH!
GOOD IDEA!
(THINKS) AND WHAT A GOOD IDEA THAT CHANGE TO COLGATE'S WAS!

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH

"Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth . . . emulsifies and washes away the decaying food deposits that cause most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes the teeth sparkle!"

THREE SIZES 6d. 1/- 1/6d

COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

For Inner Cleanliness be regular with your ANDREWS LIVER SALT.
See advt. on page 14.

NEW HAIR

For 21 years Kotalko has been bringing new hair to the heads of men and women of all ages. Countless grateful letters testify to its amazing success—a success based on *its natural action* in stimulating dormant roots, softening the scalp and clearing the clogged hair passages *so that the young hairs can grow through.*

Kotalko and Kotalko Soap soon stop falling hair and clean up all dandruff, encouraging new growth on thin or bald spots and restoring the hair to its natural, vigorous colourful condition. No matter what your age or your hair's condition, you can prove the benefits of Kotalko now, for yourself.

KOTALKO WAKES UP THE ROOTS

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, Ltd., 8, Percy St. (53.JB), London, W.1. Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of Kotalko and Kotalko Soap, with directions, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Feed Hair roots with KOTALKO. Cleanse & Soften Hair Follicles with KOTALKO SCALP SOAP—the Tonic Shampoo.

A Super Bargain for Housewives that does away with Spring Cleaning Slavery!

SAY good-bye to the drudgery of hands and knees behind a dustpan and brush. Abolish the old-fashioned methods of carpet-sweeping and replace with an effortless thorough cleaning Hoover. Fill in the Coupon on page 25 for full details of all Hoover Electric Cleaners.

Take Elasto and Be Rid of LEG TROUBLE

* Turn to the Back Cover and fill in the coupon for Free Sample and Booklet.

Which is Mary?

Joan's wearing a new frock—
Mary's wearing a Persil-washed frock

You can't tell the difference between new fabrics and Persil-washed fabrics

Persil's gentle cleansing is best for all fine fabrics. And it's very easy to see why. Persil is extra safe because of the special way the oxygen and soap are blended together. This also makes Persil wonderfully quick in removing dirt in cool or even cold water, so that fabrics need little handling, no hard rubbing, and are very soon out of the water. Give your dainty things Persil's extra-gentle cleansing to make them last!

THE AMAZING Persil OXYGEN WASHER

PER 699-394-38

LIGHT FAIR-HAIRED

Girls Have 47% More Sex-Appeal Than Dark "Fairs"

RECENT scientific tests made show that fair-haired girls have 47% more sex-appeal than dark "fairs." But how many fair-haired girls know how to keep their hair beautifully light — prevent its going dark.

Dark hair is coarse and strong; fair hair, fine and delicate. Yet every day some fair-haired girls use ordinary soap or soapless (soap substitute) shampoos. No wonder the lovely lights in their hair darken! What they need is Sta-blond, the shampoo made specially for fair hair. It not only prevents light fair hair from darkening but washes darkened hair two to four shades lighter — gives it the golden beauty of childhood. No other dye-less shampoo does this.

Sta-blond contains "VIteF," the amazing Hair-Vitamin which Nature puts in all fair hair and which ordinary shampoos wash away. That's why Sta-blond not only prevents brittleness and dandruff, but makes the hair and scalp gloriously soft and supple. If you want a blonde, don't buy Sta-blond: but if you want to keep your hair lovely and light as Nature intended, it's the only shampoo to use. Try it just once—try it today!

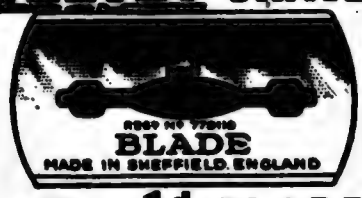
CONTAINS NO DYES OR INJURIOUS BLEACHES

FREE! TRY STA-BLOND TODAY AT OUR EXPENSE. Post this coupon, Sta-blond Laboratories Ltd., Dept. J.B.38, 10 Henrietta St., London, W.1, for free packet of Sta-blond Shampoo for fair hair.

NAME .....

ADDRESS ..... (Please write in BLOCK letters. Enclose 3d. in stamps for postage)

FOR A VELVET SHAVE



THE RELIABLE 1d. BLADE SOLD ONLY AT WOOLWORTHS

TRUST YOUR DENTIST

THE use of KOLYNOS ensures a perfectly healthy mouth, firm gums and clean, attractive teeth. Cultivate the twice-a-day KOLYNOS habit and protect your teeth against harmful germs which cause decay. Get a tube to-day.

1/9, 1/- and 6d. Of all Chemists and Stores.

— HE SAYS KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

The Street of Life is ONE WAY ONLY

Human Documents by Philip Inman

WATCHING two boys playing a game of draughts, I heard one of them say: "That's not allowed—there are no back moves."

No back moves. That is true of life as well as draughts. There is no going back.

Listen to what one of my readers says:—

Recently my mother was killed. My grief has been added to by remorse, as we had not been friendly, and I had written her several unkind letters.

I feel I shall never have any happiness until I know she has forgiven me. Can you give me just a word of comfort, for I fully believe that death is not the end?

May I plead with any of your readers who have quarrelled with their loved ones not to lose any time in making it up while they yet have the chance.

AND here is a letter from another woman who, too, is drinking deeply of remorse:—

I lost my parents when quite young, and was brought up by an aunt and uncle, who had no children of their own, and who showered all their love upon me.

I became engaged to the man who is now my husband, and it meant that on our marriage I had to leave my home town.

My aunt pleaded with me not to leave her, and begged me to postpone the wedding. Five months later she died without ever forgiving me.

Ever since I have suffered terribly, and keep saying to myself: "If only I had not left her, I should have made her last days happy."

Now I hope that I can bring comfort and peace to these two readers and to all who are similarly placed.

When a loved one dies it is natural to cross-examine ourselves. If only we had done this, we say, or refrained from doing that.

We are inclined to forget that, at the time, we did what we thought was the best for everybody concerned.

I am sure that my second correspondent did not mean to be unkind when she declined to postpone her marriage.

She did not know that her aunt would live only a few months. It might have gone on for years and her young man might have grown tired of waiting and found someone else.

Oh, the tragedies that are daily told to me of girls who have sacrificed everything for their own folk and then have been left alone.

The older generation has no right to place a stranglehold upon the young.

But there is something else I would say to both these women.

"I fully believe that death is not the end," says my first correspondent.

I believe that, too. And great minds in every age have testified to the same truth.

I am convinced that our loved ones who have passed on enjoy a far fuller life than when on earth.

I hope that what I have said will bring to these two women complete peace of mind.

NO back moves! Here are two men who have also discovered that to be true.

"What would I give," they say, "if I could blot out that one dark chapter from my life." Number one says:—

I am an ex-professional man, dismissed—but not prosecuted—for dishonesty. A condition of the leniency shown to me was that I had to leave the district where I was known.

The result has been disastrous, and all efforts to obtain even a £3-a-week job have failed.

Fidelity agreements and so on have barred the way. I have told the truth sometimes when applying for a position, and at others have carefully kept it back. But the result has been just the same.

In the end I took a menial job which, however, enables me to hand over only a pound a week to my wife towards the keep of herself and children.

My wife has tried taking in boarders, but the competition is so keen and her own funds have gradually been depleted.

We are now faced with the fact that a few more months at this rate will see the home sold up.

I would do any kind of work to prevent this, but am now wondering if my record is fatal to my chances.

Is there any Society—such as the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society—that would possibly give me a fresh start?

NUMBER two writes:—

Up to five years ago there was not a happier man living. I had a home, plenty of friends, and was in a regular and progressive position.

Then one day I committed the unpardonable sin. I went away with a girl I had met casually at the house of friends.

I lied to my wife, telling her that I was going to speak at a political meeting and would not be able to get home for the night.

She discovered the truth, however, and though she would not divorce me owing to her religious scruples, she applied for and was granted a judicial separation.

As a result of the publicity I lost my job and left the district to make a clean start.

During the last two years I have made good, and my present employers have many times complimented me on my work.

But it is desperately lonely living in lodgings, and I long for a home of my own again.

I would give anything in the world to have my wife back again, but I could never ask her, for I know what she suffered through my unfaithfulness.

Even if she did consent it would be impossible, for everybody round here thinks I am unmarried. It seems just hopeless, doesn't it?

Now let me try to put new heart into these two readers.

My second correspondent should be an inspiration to my first one.

"I have made good," he says. His present employers have complimented him on his work.

That is splendidly to his credit.

I believe that, given the chance, that first man will also make good.

How is he to get that chance? He asks about the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society.

I am afraid that they could not assist him, because, fortunately for him, he was not prosecuted, and therefore he would not come within the scope of their work.

But I hope that will not dissuade him from pegging away. Even in his misfortune he has certain definite assets.

He is obviously well educated, has good health, and, above all, his wife has stood by him. Let him remember those blessings.

Then I wonder if there is a magistrate or a clergyman in his town to whom he could tell his story in confidence.

It may be that they would be willing to recommend him for a position. Failing that, he must continue to apply for every job he can.

Perseverance will do it, I am sure. Let him make his motto: "What others have done, I can do."

And now for my second correspondent. His wife is the clue to his problem.

If she will rejoin him there seems no reason why that old-time happiness should not be resumed.

I strongly urge him to appeal to her. The years of their separation may have mellowed her.

She may be ready, and even anxious, to forget the past and start afresh.

His employers think well of him. And what has gone before does not reflect upon his work.

All he need explain is that some years ago he and his wife had a disagreement and that, fortunately, the differences have been composed.

My hope for these four readers is that the future contains happiness that will more than make up for the troubles of the past.

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. Letters sent to Mr. Inman at any other address cannot be dealt with. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.

Film Famine Soon?

With production at British studios almost at a standstill until the new Film Bill is through Parliament, and Hollywood feeling an economic pinch, cinema-goers face the possibility of a film famine in the near future.

Many old films are being resurrected and reissued, and open war has broken out between movie manufacturers and the exhibitors—the latter accusing the former of making pictures with money instead of brains.

The difficulties of the situation are revealed, with all the behind-the-scenes activities in the film world—as well as the latest pictures and articles of the stars—in *The Picturegoer*, the screen's magazine de luxe, just out, 2d. everywhere.

The surest way to obtain a long-lasting high gloss to your floors is to use Varnene, the finer oil varnish stain. 'Varnene' ensures a hard finish which will not readily chip or scratch.

Sold by Ironmongers, Oilmen, Grocery and General Dealers. In Dark Oak, Walnut, Mahogany, Light Oak, Ebony Black and Clear (Colourless) Varnish.

THE Ed. LTD. 1/6-1/9 V/DEC/37

VARNENE OIL VARNISH STAIN

CHISWICK PRODUCTS LTD., CHISWICK, LONDON, W.4.

'OPENING' FOR YOUNG MAN . . .

—who prefers to buy his tobacco one ounce at a time, and sees no reason why it should not be kept fresh in vacuum packing. No experience needed to appreciate merits of Four Square's special ONE-ounce vacuum tin. Premium required—from 10½d. to 1/3, returnable (with interest) in smoking satisfaction. Application should be made in the first instance to any tobacconist, stating blend and colour preferred.

FOUR SQUARE

VACUUM PACKED TOBACCOS

Empire Mixture (Green Squares) } 10½d.
Curlies (Purple Squares) ... }
Original Mixture (Blue Squares) 1/2½d.
Cut Cake (Yellow Squares) ... } 11d.
Ripe Brown (Brown Squares) ... }
Matured Virginia (Red Squares) 1/3d.
All blends are Medium strength.

10½d to 1/3d

FOUR SQUARE VIRGINIA CIGARETTES
Standard Size :— ... 20 for 1/-. Large Size :— ... 20 for 1/2d.
Guaranteed to contain no Empire Tobacco. Made from pure Virginia Leaf only.

SAMPLES of all six tobaccos (1 oz. net) 1/-, from tobacconists or in case of difficulty write George Dobie & Son, Ltd., Paisley, Scotland, enclosing P.O. for 1/-

Seven years' suffering

ended IN A FEW DAYS by taking IRON 'JELLOIDS'

When a woman is nervy, depressed, always tired, never really well, it is ten to one her trouble is IRON STARVATION.

If you are iron-starved, your health and looks are bound to suffer. To avoid IRON STARVATION, take an occasional course of Iron 'Jelloids'. After a few weeks on Iron 'Jelloids' you'll feel an amazing difference! Nerviness and excessive tiredness will disappear! You'll eat well, sleep well, enjoy your play and make light of your work! You'll have sparkling eyes, rich lustrous hair, rosy cheeks! Iron 'Jelloids' are sold by all chemists and stores at 1/3 (ten days' supply) and 3/-(36 days' supply). Start taking Iron 'Jelloids' *with your next meal!*

"Seven years ago I almost lost my life with a serious illness. After I recovered I was never really well, always felt very run-down and had continual headaches. Two months ago a nurse told me what good she had derived from Iron 'Jelloids,' and I decided to try them. Soon I found that I was marvellously better. *I could do my work without that dreadful feeling of exhaustion. I could climb hills and enjoy walking.*

And I have regained my colour, which had been missing for a long time. I shall always be grateful to Iron 'Jelloids'." (Mrs.)——

Iron Jelloids

For WOMEN: No. 2. For MEN: No. 2A (containing quinine). For CHILDREN: No. 1.

re-arm you with IRON-strength to overcome

Weakness — Exhausted Nerves — Lack of Energy — Liability to Colds — Breathlessness — Palpitation — Poor Appetite — Weak Digestion — Headaches — Pallor — Falling Hair — Pimples — Brittle Nails

The word 'Jelloids' is a registered trade mark. No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture.

COUPON for FREE BOOK

To The Iron Jelloid Co., Ltd., (Dept. J 41) Watford, Herts.

Please send me your new free booklet "IRON STARVATION, The Thief of Health and Strength." J.B. 5/3/38

Name _____

Address _____

Post unsealed under ½d. stamp. Use BLOCK letters.

You buy with CONFIDENCE when you buy through "JOHN BULL"

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 27

Before buying your Radio ...

Turn to p. 12 and fill in the Coupon for full particulars of Bush Radio Receivers which can be secured on easy payments from as low as 2/11 a week.

CONSTIPATION

Conquered by 100-year-old remedy

If you suffer from Constipation, Indigestion, Flatulence, Headache, Rheumatism, or Liver and Stomach troubles, try Dr. Scott's Brand Bilious and Liver Pills, a genuine old-fashioned vegetable cure, gentle in action and perfectly safe

TRIAL SIZE 6D From all Chemists, or 7½d. post free from W. Lamberts & Co., Ltd., Dept. 11c, 138, Euston Rd., London, N.W.1

Dr Scotts Bilious & Liver Pills

BRANDED

Also 1/3 and 2/- (treble quantity)

B.37

CROSSWORD No. 99.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS.

ON page 40 is presented the ninety-ninth of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee consisting of the following:—The Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, Litt.D., D.Lit., M.A.; and Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Entry-square has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle figures.

If at any point in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors those using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at those points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle figures appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, March 24, 1938. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly "Crossword Gazette," complimentary copy of which is obtainable as instructed on page 40.

The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie on this appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash prize and one other prize will be allowed to one entrant in any one contest.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

Don't overlook the Bargains on pp. 2 & 3 and the "Small Ads. Worth Watching" on p. 4

NEURITIS—NERVOUS BREAKDOWN

Are you a victim of nervous diseases? Do you endure untold suffering—mental as well as physical? If so, do not despair—you can be restored to health. Read what Mrs. Lacy, Mapperley, Notts., writes:—

"I have been very ill with Neuritis on the nerves of the Stomach and a Nervous Breakdown and am pleased to say that after persevering with Vitadatio, I am a different person. I strongly advise sufferers to give this strength-giving medicine a trial."

Vitadatio is invaluable for Neuritis, Rheumatism and Blood Troubles. If you are a sufferer get a bottle to-day. Sold by Boots, Timothy Whites & Taylors, Chemists, Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle, or direct per post (6d. extra in U.K.)

From VITADATIO, ARMLEY, LEEDS. Write for FREE BOOK 121

Great 'snuff' this TOP MILL SNUFF

IN TWOPENNY TINS FROM TOBACCONISTS

J. & H. WILSON LTD · · SHEFFIELD

Reader's Story by Miss M. Scott

JEALOUSY PUT MY LOVE IN PERIL

My fiance saw us dancing cheek to cheek

THIS story is not one of adventure, of death missed by seconds. It is my love story.

Like most young girls of eighteen, I was romantic, and dreamed of the sort of man I would like to marry.

All I wanted was a young man of moderate good looks, with nice manners—a young man who was fairly well established in the world, with prospects for the future.

In my early teens I was forbidden to associate with young men, but occasionally father permitted me to go to a dance at our local town hall.

While I was at one of these dances I met a young man, eight years older than myself. He was tall, fair, quiet—in fact, as near to my ideal as I ever hope to meet.

Shyly he came over to me soon after I entered the hall and asked me if I would like to dance.

Of course, I consented, and we danced that one and every other dance together.

When he took me home, he asked if he could see me the following night and take me to the pictures.

"I'm sorry," I said, "but that's impossible. There are no Sunday cinemas in this place."

THEN we arranged to go out together on the Monday.

Well, that, briefly, was the beginning of our friendship, which gradually changed to love.

A year later we announced our engagement, planning to marry in the following June.

Events that led up to the climax of my story began in March.

A friend of mine, whom I will call May, came to me one Monday morning and told me that she had seen my fiancé with another girl at a dance.

"I don't like to tell you this," she said, "but I feel that, as your friend, it is my duty."

When she had finished, I felt as if the bottom of the world had dropped out.

To protect myself against her and the gossip that would follow, I told her I knew all about it.

Now, instead of confronting my fiancé with what I had heard, I did a foolish thing.

That night, when he rang me up, I pretended to be ill and unable to see him.

And to revenge myself on him, I dressed myself in my best frock and went to a dance. On the way there I met a friend of my fiancé's.

"Hello," he said, "what are you dressed up for—going to a dance?"

"No," I lied, "I'm going to a party."

"Is Henry going?" he asked.

"No," I said, and hurried on.

About ten o'clock I was surprised to see my fiancé, with another man, enter the dance room.

He was furious, and had obviously taken too much to drink. I was dancing with a rather forward young man, who had persisted in pressing his cheek next to mine.

So I decided to make my boy as unhappy as he had made me.

As we glided past him, I looked right through him and yielded to my partner by resting my cheek against his.

When I looked again I found that Henry was nowhere in the room.

Making enquiries, I learned that he and his friend had taken two girls in his car and driven off.

Something had crept into our lives—some monster that seemed bent on ruining them.

His conduct, like mine, had been inspired by jealousy. The best thing to do was to make it up.

I must go to him and explain, but it was useless trying to do it that night.

I scarcely slept, lying tossing and turning in my bed, fighting to subdue my rebellious thoughts.

You see, I was beginning to feel it was not my place to give in.

When I came down to breakfast, I noticed that my father was looking worried, and I wondered if my fiancé had told him what had transpired the night before.

Before I sat down to breakfast, he asked me to go into his study.

"Now," he began, "I want what I'm going to say to you taken calmly."

That was enough for me. I knew that something grave had happened, and a million and one possibilities ran through my mind.

"WHAT—what is it, daddy?" I asked nervously.

"It's about Henry," he replied. He hesitated for a moment. "He's—he's had an accident—a car accident."

I don't clearly remember what happened after that. I seemed to lose my head. They tell me I became hysterical.

But I remember getting in my father's car, going to the hospital, and then of being shown into a ward.

Henry was lying in a bed behind a screen. I shall never forget his face, and he looked as if he were dead.

Beside him sat his father and mother. When they saw us, they stood up and whispered something about there being no chance.

Too upset to speak, I just stood there looking at him. Plainly, he was fighting for his life.

Then the bed began to get misty and I felt myself falling.

Next thing I remember was waking up and seeing a doctor and nurse.

That was the beginning of a serious illness. For weeks I was between life and death, knowing nothing of my fiancé's condition.

Then one beautiful Spring morning everything returned. Past events rushed through my mind.

I LOOKED round to see where I was. The hospital was in South London.

By my side was a nurse.

There was something reassuring in the way she smiled at me.

"I want to see him," I said excitedly. "I must see him."

A minute later he was by my side. That was the biggest thrill of my life.

We have never let anything come between us since.

We hope to be married next month.

Conrad Phillips is visiting registered readers in their homes and re-telling their big thrill. £5 5s. is paid for each story published. This week's story is from Registered Reader No. 321,703, Miss M. Scott, High Street, Maidenhead, Berks.

She was so weary. Even at the beginning of the day's duties she felt 'fit to drop'. But that sad story is now a matter of history. She discovered the wonderful virtues of Beechams Pills. The result is a cheery, healthy, vital personality! Beechams Pills will purify your blood, keep you regular, make you really well. Get a box to-day. *Sold Everywhere.*

NOW BRIGHT & CLEARHEADED. after taking BEECHAM'S PILLS

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

RACE WITH "SILVER RING"

THE JUMPERS' ASCOT

SOMEWHERE about £10,000 is awarded in prize-money at the National Hunt Festival at Cheltenham—known as the Jumpers' Ascot.

Next to the Grand National the N.H. Steeplechase, run over four miles of natural country, is the most sporting event in the world.

My selection for the coming race is Stalbridge Park, who is a fancied long-shot for Aintree.

Macaulay will, I think, stop Golden Miller's run of successes in the Gold Cup; and Free Fare looks to have an easy task in the Champion Hurdle Challenge Cup.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, March 3, to Wednesday, March 9.

X Z Q C 93 B 94 M S R P O 98 T F U
97 L H J I 95 E D K V W A N 96 G Y

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

S9396FKQ93W would read KINGSHIP.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. OJQ93Z2 would read ACHILL.

ARE YOU RHEUMATICKY?

To be free, not only from the actual piercing pain of Rheumatism, but from the fear of it coming on again! What a blessed thought! For the suspense, the uncertainty, is perhaps the most cruel part of this Rheumatic scourge. Never to know when the sharp agony is going to stab you in the back, cripple you, bring you up short in distressful pain, as you bend or stoop—*there's* the rub!

And now, pain and premonitions alike can be mastered, overcome, driven right out of your life! Like most great things in life, the remedy is almost unbelievably simple. So simple, that many people, even some Nurses, have not thought it possible that a teaspoonful of Fynnon Salt in a tumblerful of water once a day could do the trick. But they've been mistaken. And how gladly, how joyfully, they've admitted their mistake and praised the powers of Fynnon Salt!

You have a right to ask *how* Fynnon Salt can drive Rheumatism from your system. It is due to a combination of the elements of Sodium, Potassium and Lithium in Fynnon Salt. These "Nature's Salts of the Earth" are what wealthy patients go hundreds of miles to seek at famous Spas. Now, you can have them at home, rinsing out your system, banishing poisons, expelling the *cause* of painful pointed Uric Acid crystals. And Fynnon Salt costs only 1/3 per large tin at all chemists.

END THAT MEALTIME MISERY

Do you find you cannot eat a thing without getting filled with flatulence and twisted up with pain? That is because acid turns your food into a sour, tough mass. Your harassed stomach has to struggle with every mouthful. Take 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets and you'll have no more mealtime misery. These Tablets relieve acidity at once. They sweeten and soothe the stomach. They keep food digestible. So the stomach has an easy job. No sour repeating, not a trace of wind, not a twinge of pain. Your indigestion has vanished. And it can't torture you again if you take 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets. They never fail. Prove it with your next meal. Take the Tablets and save yourself another attack. Buy a tin now! Neat flat tins for the pocket, 6d. and 1/-. Also family sizes, 2/- and 3/6. Of all chemists.

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

A COMFORTABLE HOME—typical of thousands—and then—in a moment—pandemonium—the roar of angry flames—the harsh clanging of the warning bell as the fire brigade races swiftly to the call of duty . . . and from the shelter of a kindly neighbour's house a little family, stricken with grief, gaze at their fiercely burning home. In no time all that is left is an empty shell. Of those precious possessions that have taken nearly a lifetime to gather together not a stick remains.

On "John Bull's" records are thousands of cases such as this, and all bear testimony to the prompt, practical assistance that "John Bull" has rendered to its registered readers at a time of heart-break and desolation.

Not a day passes but what the demon of fire is waiting, ready to strike, without a moment's warning, to bring calamity to some happy home.

What would *you* do in the event of such a catastrophe? *Remember, no matter how careful you may be, the risk of fire is always present.*

Is *your* home safeguarded? If not, see to it NOW. Below are the forms which secure for you "John Bull's" unique protection for your home.

"JOHN BULL" IS YOUR SAFEGUARD.

"John Bull" is the *only paper in the world* to safeguard its registered readers' household effects against damage by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, and TEMPEST—and to pay SICKNESS BENEFITS. Other Benefits include ACCIDENTS in the HOME, on the SPORTS FIELD, CHILDREN'S ACCIDENTS, LOSS by BURGLARY, etc., etc.

£800 4s. 4d. PAID LAST WEEK.

Last week alone "John Bull" distributed no less than £800 4s. 4d. to registered readers or their dependants, as follows:—

Household and Sickness Benefits	£299	4 4
Accident Benefits—Adults ...	£384	0 0
Children's Accidents	£117	0 0
	£800	4 4

This great GIFT of Security stands without parallel in practical value. Since the scheme was launched, the colossal sum of over £600,000 has been distributed to registered readers or their dependants—a world record in Weekly Periodical Free Insurance.

A SECURITY GIFT WORTH £2 : 2 : 0

Similar protection to that which "John Bull" offers to you free would, if taken out through an insurance company, cost at least two guineas in annual premiums.

Remember! One registration covers husband, wife and children (over six and under fifteen).

In our daily round we have to face risks and dangers, and Fate does not discriminate. That is why completion of the forms below for our Insurance Gift is of vital importance to you; in fact, a duty to yourself and those you love. So ACT NOW!

"JOHN BULL" THE ONLY PAPER TO PAY FIRE, STORM, FLOOD & SICKNESS BENEFIT

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 5/3/38.

CUT HERE

Post this Form to

"John Bull," Registration Department, 123, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....

Reader's Signature. Age .....

Address .....

.....

.....

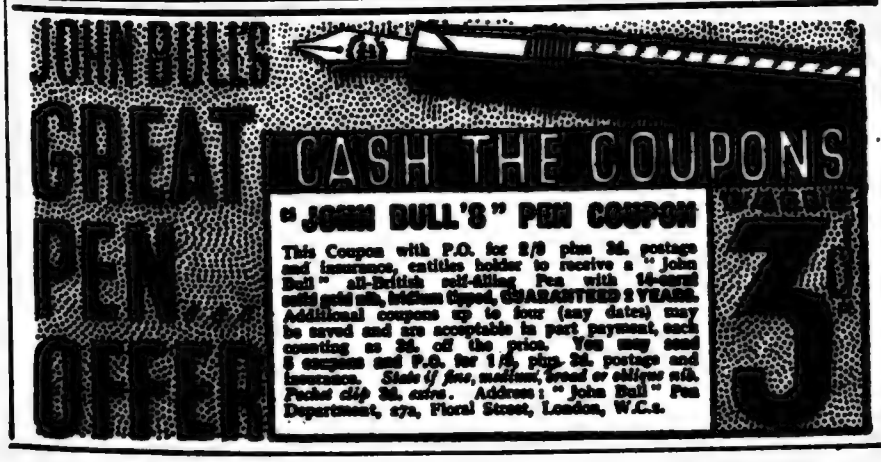
Name and Address of Newsagent. .....

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full Benefits and Conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 5/3/38.


JOHN BULL'S
GREAT
PEN
OFFER
CASH THE COUPONS
"JOHN BULL'S" PEN COUPON
This Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 plus 3d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-carat solid gold nib, hitherto typed, GUARANTEED 2 YEARS. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/6, plus 3d. postage and insurance. State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib. Pocket clip 2d. extra. Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 272, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.
3

Don't Wear a Truss!

BROOKS Appliance is a new scientific discovery with Automatic Air Cushions which draw the broken parts together, and bind them as you would a broken limb. It absolutely holds firmly and comfortably, and never slips. Always light and cool, and conforms to every movement of the body without chafing or hurting.

From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself, and whose experience has since benefited thousands. If ruptured, write to-day.

We make it to your measure, and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction, or money refunded, and we have put our price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. Remember, we make it to your order—send it to you on **TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL**—you wear it—and if it doesn't satisfy you, send it back to us, and we will refund you your money. That is the way we do business—always absolutely on the square—and we have sold to thousands of people this way for over 25 years. Remember, we use no salves, no harness, no lies, no fakes. We just give you a straight business deal at a reasonable price.

If in Manchester or London call at our consulting rooms. Experienced and capable fitters for ladies or gentlemen. Special attention given to children. Lady nurses always in attendance at both offices.

Fill in the Free Coupon below, or just send your name and address on a piece of paper, mention that you are a reader of "John Bull," and *post to-day* to either the London or Manchester address, whichever is more convenient.

Free Information Coupon

Brooks Appliance Co. Ltd. (E228), 69, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.
Brooks Appliance Co. Ltd. (E228), Milton Chambers, Milton Street, Stevenson Square, Manchester, 1.

Without cost or obligation on my part, please send me by post, in plain wrapper, your Illustrated Book showing new **REDUCED PRICES** with full information about your Appliance for Rupture, also **10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL OFFER.**

If you wish to arrange for a Brooks Rupture Appliance to be supplied through your Approved Society, we shall be pleased to offer you assistance and advice.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

If you are State insured, please give here the name and address of your Approved Society.

.....

Q. "Doctor, how can I keep my children free from Coughs and Colds?"

ANGIERS is the answer

The surest way to keep children healthy and robust in Winter time—able to go out in all weathers without any ill after-effects—is to build up their powers of resistance with 'Angiers.'

'Angiers' is endorsed by the medical profession and used in children's hospitals throughout the country. It is a soothing, pleasant emulsion, with unique tonic and building properties. For colds, coughs, whooping-cough, bronchitis and all chest affections, it is invaluable. If children are weakly and run-down after measles or a fever, 'Angiers' quickly restores strength and hastens recovery. For the child with a poor appetite and weak digestion, Angiers brand Emulsion is the ideal tonic because it soothes the digestive tract and helps the digestive process. Children all like it and take it willingly. Let your child have it regularly during the winter months—it is unequalled for giving the extra strength and stamina needed at this time.

Of all Chemists 1/3, 3/-, 5/-

Send Coupon for FREE SAMPLE.

The Angier Chemical Co., Ltd. (Dept. B.228), 86, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

Please send Trial Sample of Angiers brand Emulsion. I enclose 4d. in stamps to cover cost of postage.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

IMPORTANT TO WOMEN!

Doctors say that the "make-up" of a woman's system is so highly intricate and so sensative that the shock caused by taking strong purgative medicines may do serious harm. Even though you do not notice it at the time, you may be laying up serious trouble for yourself later. Those internal troubles which often afflict a woman in her middle years and later life are undoubtedly in many cases due to taking harsh medicines.

Women!—treat the delicate mechanism of your body gently by taking 'California Syrup of Figs.' It is a safe fruit laxative. It never purges, never interferes with the natural bodily functions and there are no depressing, "washed-out" after-effects. It relieves the bowels naturally, giving a complete internal cleansing in a few hours.

'California Syrup of Figs' has a tonic effect on the liver and kidneys that makes you "feel good." 'California Syrup of Figs' is ideally suited to a woman's needs. Get a bottle today and take a spoonful the first time your bowels need help. You'll feel better altogether! Doctors and nurses everywhere recommend 'California Syrup of Figs,' because it is so gentle in its action. Always avoid strong purgatives and give your bowels *natural* aid.

'California Syrup of Figs' is sold by all chemists—1/3 and 2/6. The larger size is the cheaper in the long run. Be sure you get 'California Syrup of Figs' brand.

Real Relief

for dry, husky, tickling throats.

VICK'S LOZENGES 6d

TASTE GOOD – DO GOOD

COULDN'T SLEEP AT NIGHT IF SHE ATE AFTER SIX

But Slept like a log after late supper of cold roast pork,

If you know what it is to lie awake all night long if you dare eat a late supper, read this letter from Mrs. Malone, of Verulam Street, London: "For years I've suffered so badly with Indigestion that I lay awake in pain all night if I ate anything after 6 p.m. Last week I couldn't resist some cold pork at 10 o'clock. When I went to bed I was in agony, so I tried one 'Alka-Seltzer' Tablet. In 10 minutes all the pain was gone and I slept all night better than I have for years."

Do try these wonderful new 'Alka-Seltzer' Brand Tablets if you suffer from Indigestion, Wind, Headaches, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, or any of the effects of excess acidity. They make a pleasant, sparkling drink that will bring you almost instant relief.

Ask your chemist for 'Alka-Seltzer' Brand Tablets. (The 2/- size contains 2½ times the 1/-.) If you aren't more than satisfied with your first bottle, he will refund your money.

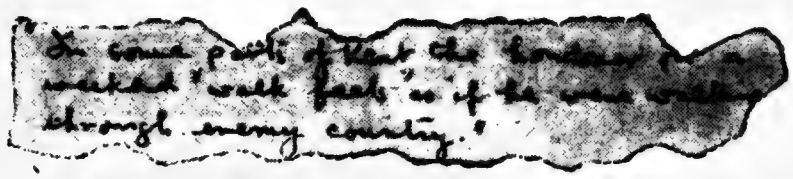
TO REMOVE HAIR

MAKE THIS 3 MINUTE TEST

—WITHOUT Razors Electric Needles or Smelly Depilatories

An amazing discovery of Science. Dissolves away superfluous hair completely in 3 minutes—leaves skin soft and smooth as velvet. No ugly stubble like the razor leaves—no coarse regrowth. Simply spread on this dainty sweet-smelling cream—wash off with plain water—the hair is gone. This priceless discovery is sold everywhere under the trade-mark New 'VEET'. So quick, clean and easy to use. Ends your superfluous hair troubles forever. 6d. and 1/3. Giant Size 2/6.

New VEET



Battle of the By-ways

by George Edinger

AFTER parking my car in an Essex wood I set off to saunter down a bridle path.

But the path was closed and I returned to the car and drove on.

Suddenly I realised a police-car was following me. It drew alongside, signalling me to pull in.

To my amazement, I found myself being arrested as a suspected poacher!

I have been consoled since by discovering my experience was not such an uncommon one.

Many are the unfortunates who have been arrested, convicted and fined as suspected poachers when they have been guilty of no more than the wish to walk in the open country.

Two letters seem to express the grievances of all.

Says one: "In some parts of Kent the Londoner on a week-end walk feels he is going through enemy country."

And the other, from Manchester: "It's all very well to write about the joys of hiking, but there's not much joy in finding fewer and fewer places open as the years go by."

Now, the rambling season is beginning again—given a great send-off by the Government's "Fitter Britain" campaign.

Surely this is the time to find out exactly what are the countryman's grievances against the rambler; just why rights-of-way are being closed.

Let's hear the countryman's case.

"See that stone wall?" asked a Gloucestershire farmer. "It was twice that height a month ago.

"EVERY week a man has been coming from Birmingham and carting off pieces of my wall to build his rockery!"

Elsewhere it was mushroom-pickers who are one of the farmer's chief annoyances.

A Glamorgan farmer actually shot at one a few months ago.

I was told of mushroom-pickers who had left a gate open so that a colt strayed out on to the road, where it was run down and killed. The car which struck it was also wrecked.

Then there were the blackberry-gatherers, who lifted a gate off its hinges.

Seven horses got loose, two were injured so badly they had to be shot, and another car was wrecked.

One Cheshire farmer had a crop of oats ruined by week-enders who picnicked in his fields and left great patches flattened out.

In Devonshire, two prize heifers had to be shot after treading on broken glass and tins that picknickers left behind.

And, of course, there are countless complaints of dogs that worry sheep in the lambing season.

Damage suffered by the farming and land-owning community from the thoughtlessness of week-enders runs into thousands of pounds every year.

That is why in the Peak district people who venture into the 200 square miles of open country are herded along twelve footpaths; why walkers are kept out of three million acres in the Highlands; or find, as they have just discovered in Sussex, that a field-path nine miles long has suddenly been shut.

THAT is why the Camping Club is finding that more and more local authorities are refusing to prolong the licences for camping sites.

That is why the banks and bed of a river in Oxfordshire have been deliberately strewn with broken glass to discourage bathers.

Every year the problem becomes bigger.

Figures published by the Youth Hostels Association indicate the tremendous increase among ramblers.

In 1931 there were ten youth hostels. Now there are 262.

The country walk has replaced the town pub. as a Sunday pastime for the new generation, and it is a real tragedy that with this increased demand for open country, country folk are being forced to close down more and more of their property for their own protection.

It is a tragedy because it is all so unnecessary.

Of the hundreds of thousands who invade the country from the city every week-end, all but a few score are as innocent of doing harm to fields and woods, crops and the cattle as I was of poaching.

Real ramblers and the organised ramblers' clubs do not do the harm.

It is the occasional, thoughtless or ill-mannered motorist or cyclist who causes the damage and creates the bitterness.

For the sake of the farmers and for the sake of country lovers, we must settle the growing differences before they grow too big for settlement.

Last year's scenes of constant fines and friction, of affrays between keepers and hikers, of fences and hedges deliberately broken on one side, and field paths ploughed up and sown on the other, must not be repeated.

All ramblers' clubs and organised hiking parties should impress on their members the damage that can be done and is done by breaking hedges, leaving gates open, and throwing lighted cigarette ends away.

Notices could also be posted in trains and 'buses.

One ice-cream manufacturing company prints on all its wrappers: "Please take me home and do not throw me about the countryside."

It is an idea that might be followed by all makers of cigarettes and bottles.

As part of a concerted move in the same direction, the big motoring and cycling associations could also circularise their members.

After leaving this concerted propaganda a year or so to sink in, it might be practicable to tighten up the law, and inflict exemplary punishment on people who leave bottles in fields or trample down standing crops.

Equally, the present system should be relaxed in other ways.

Ramblers to-day are supposed to be kept in order by the display of notice boards labelled "Trespassers Will Be Prosecuted."

As a matter of fact, trespass is no criminal offence, although a trespasser can be sued for the damage he does and must compensate the landowner for it.

These notices are not only useless, but irritating. They should be removed and substituted by others saying "Please close gates and do not leave litter," or something similar, and also "Keep to the footpath."

AND there ought to be footpaths to keep to.

There are supposed to be 100,000 miles of footpaths in England, but not ten per cent. of them are kept up, and over most of their length are impossible to discover.

The only county that indicates its footpaths is Essex, which has 2,000 miles of them carefully signed, but not quite so carefully traced across the country.

If the farmer is protected by insurance on dogs, tightened restrictions and a general publicity campaign, he should at least maintain the old rights of way across his land.

That combination of forces, if properly taken in hand, would soon set the present misunderstandings aright.

Not the real ramblers, but thoughtless week-enders, are the cause of the trouble

Wise Wife

WITH a wife and five children to care for, it was a serious matter when he fell ill with diphtheria.

Employed as a clayworker by a Lancashire firm of gas-lighting engineers, he faced a stoppage of wages—and that might have meant his family going short of food.

But his wife had been wise. She had registered for the wide range of protection given under our FREE Insurance Scheme.

And one of the illnesses provided for under the Sickness Benefit is diphtheria.

His wife wrote to us and explained the circumstances. We lost no time in dealing with her case.

The cheque we sent tided the family over their difficulties, and the sick man was able to fight his illness untroubled by financial worries.

Now we have received this letter from his wife:—

"Will you please accept my very grateful thanks for the kindness and courtesy shown in all your letters to me. I am glad to say my husband's condition is improving."

Once again we remind you that JOHN BULL is the *only* newspaper in the world to safeguard its readers against Fire, Storm, Flood and Sickness, as well as giving many Accident Benefits.

Fill in the coupon on page 37. It is only the work of a moment, and it may save you weeks of worry.

"Angels" That Swim

IN the Amazon are "angels" which swim but never fly.

They are the beautiful angel-fish, found in the waters of Brazil, Guiana, and many South American rivers.

As they move languidly through the water, they seem like miniature Oriental kites—their sail-like fins reflect a violet sheen, their scales are black and silver, and they have orange eyes!

These fish, now by far the most popular of all tropical fish kept in aquariums, have actually been bred at the London Zoo.

Remarkable photographs of them and many other wonders of the animal world appear in the March issue of *Zoo* just out.

This magazine brings to nature-lovers news of animal life everywhere—from jungle, strange foreign countries, home countryside and hedgerow.

Hurry to your newsagent and get a copy at once—6d. monthly.

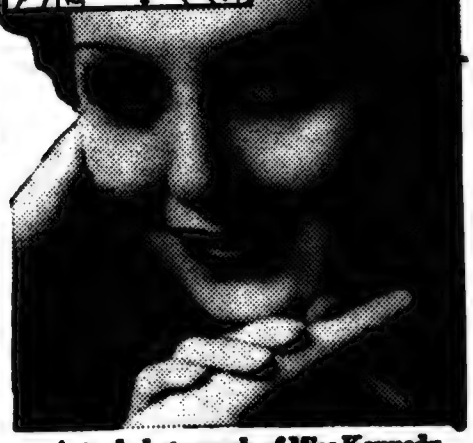
I Looked YOUNGER EVERY MORNING!

Says Miss Kennedy of Clapham

Actual photograph of Miss Jean Kennedy, 33, Crescent Grove, Clapham Common, London, S.W.4.

"*I AM astonished and delighted at the miraculous change in my appearance in one short week. My girl friends are all asking me what I have done to make myself look so much younger and more attractive. My men friends are repeatedly congratulating me on my marvellous complexion.*"

It was exciting to wake up and look into my mirror—to see the little lines and wrinkles become fainter every day.



Actual photograph of Miss Kennedy taken on May 7th, 1937, after only 7 days' use of amazing new beauty treatment described below.

In one short week! Thousands of delighted women have made themselves look years younger. Their lines and wrinkles completely gone! Scientists have found that wrinkles are formed because as we grow older the skin loses certain vital elements. Feed back these precious elements to the skin and it becomes fresh and young again. This is the amazing discovery of Prof. Dr. Stejskal of the University of Vienna. His extract of living cells, called 'Biocel', is now contained in Crème Tokalon, Rose Colour. Apply it every night. It will nourish and rejuvenate your skin while you sleep. Wrinkles quickly disappear. In a week you will look 10 years younger. Use Tokalon White Skinfood during the day. It dissolves away blackheads; tightens enlarged pores. Makes darkest, roughest skin soft, white and smooth in a few days.

FREE.

Write for free booklet on the "Care of the Hair" to EVAN WILLIAMS CO. LTD., Dept. J.B., Perivale, Greenford, Middx.

Turn to advt. on page 29.

FOR 1st CLASS COMFORT & WARMTH AT THIS SEASON TAKE

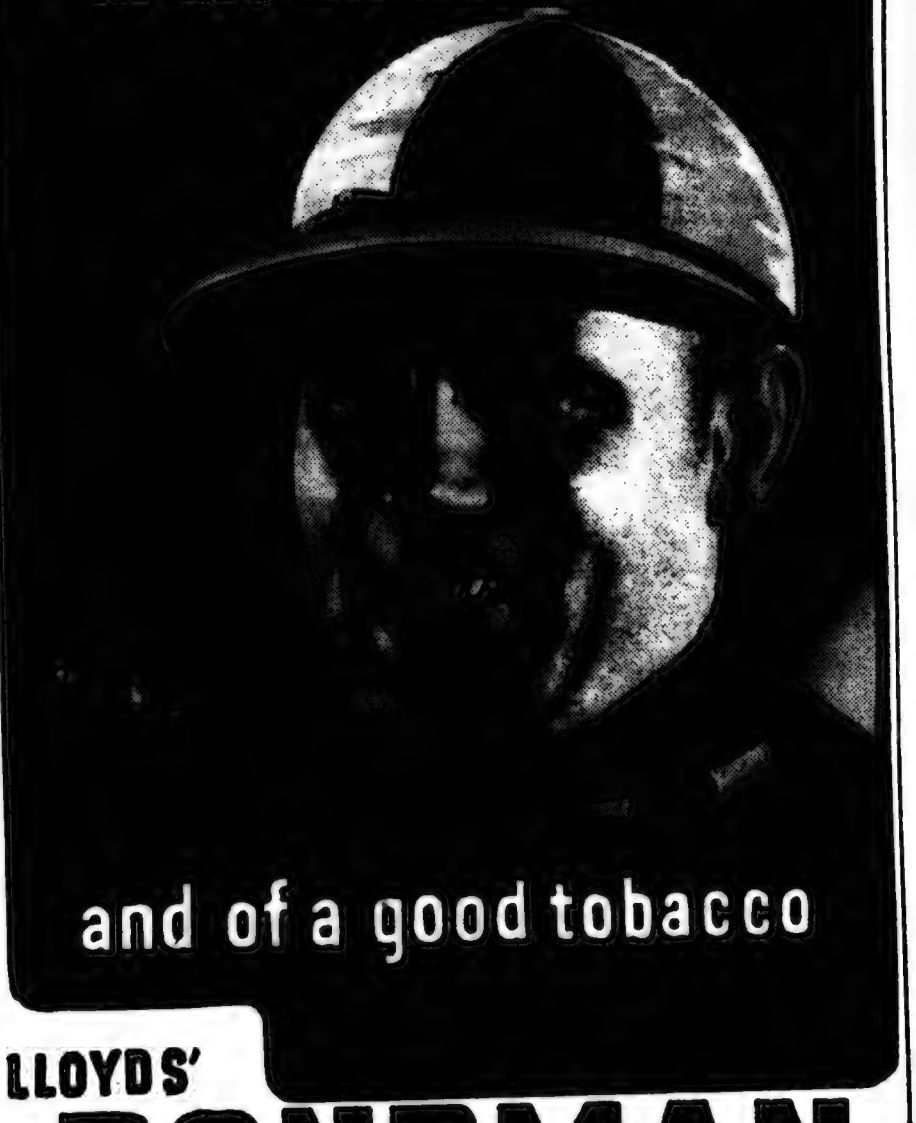
NIPITS

1½d PKT 3½ PER TIN

VOICE, THROAT & CHEST PASTILLES OF ALL CONFECTIONERS

COOLNESS

the secret of leading in the winner...



and of a good tobacco

LLOYD'S'

BONDMAN

is always COOL and FRESH

• BONDMAN RICH RUDDY VIRGINIA 11½D per oz. EMPIRE BLEND 10D per oz.

IT'S PACKED IN VACUUM TINS

Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co., Ltd.), Bondman Corner, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1.

Why Suffer from PILES?

Famous Ointment Relieves & Removes Them

Are you a victim of piles (hæmorrhoids)? Do you suffer from swelling and burning irritation? Are you weakened by constant hæmorrhage? If so, try Zam-Buk. This wonderful herbal ointment has proved successful in thousands of cases, often when an operation seemed the only escape.

Zam-Buk brand ointment brings relief and is wonderfully soothing; it has a contractive influence on the dilated veins, checks the bleeding and causes the piles to gradually disappear.

Zam-Buk also exerts a valuable antiseptic influence, thus preventing septic conditions arising where the membranes are broken or inflamed. Don't suffer from piles a day longer—get a 1/3 box of Zam-Buk and use according to printed directions.

SOLID ZAM-BUK

In addition to Zam-Buk ointment for external piles, you can also obtain Zam-Buk solidity Suppositories for internal use, price 1/3 per box. Left in position at night they cure while you sleep.

Insert one

For INTERNAL PILES

READ THIS CONVINCING TESTIMONY

"For years I had piles and used to be laid up with them. Zam-Buk Suppositories wonderfully relieved the pain and other symptoms. I can do housework in comfort and be on my feet eight hours a day."—Mrs. M. S., London.

"The pain and hæmorrhage of piles caused constant misery. I began to look like an old man and was low-spirited. Regular use of Zam-Buk caused the piles to disappear and ended my years of suffering."—Mr. A. F., Liverpool.

TAKE 2 Tablets of Phensic

Thousands are getting quicker, safer relief by taking 2 Tablets of PHENSIC. There is no parallel in modern medicine to this combined Painkiller, Internal Antiseptic and Tonic. Recommended and used by Doctors, Nurses and Hospitals. Phensic cannot harm the heart. Prices 3d., 6d., 1/3, 3/- & 5/-

For 'FLU COLDS CHILLS FEVERISHNESS

Quick Relief From HEADACHES RHEUMATISM NEURALGIA NEURITIS LUMBAGO DEPRESSION NERVE PAINS

Pronounced 'FEN-ZIK'

Phensic

Brand

BRINGS RELIEF in a FEW MINUTES

ONE WEEK TO WIN

£30 WEEKLY FOR LIFE, PLUS £300

FINE PENSION plus CASH FIRST PRIZE · OR £750 LUMP SUM

CLOSING SAT. MAR. 12

£100 BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP

UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS

To each sender of entry containing only one less meritorious Answer than Runners-up we shall forward a Special Surprise Award—to be posted simultaneously with publication of winning Square in "John Bull."

WHO WANTS THIS PENSION AND BIG "JOHN BULL" CHEQUE?

ACROSS CLUES

1. Employer's outing for staff
4. Swankers hate to admit they haven't got one
7. Land surrounded by water
8. Lad
9. First half of tune
10. There's sometimes deep water in them
13. It's often important to keep this up
15. In middle of ambush
16. Child likes to be given at party
20. Increase in seekers
21. Some industrial processes involve a waste of this
23. Sharp blow in scrapping
25. Perform
28. Latest ones from Paris are followed with the keenest interest nowadays
29. Pickles are often sold in
31. Some people have this for decorating
32. Mother sometimes relies on one to keep baby quiet

DOWN CLUES

1. Often runs along gutter
2. Everybody
3. It robs sonny of a lot of fun when mother always keeps him this
4. Curtail cost
5. End of luxury
6. Travelling is less wearisome when you're in this
8. Wise parents encourage this in their boy
11. Kick from one may hurt
12. Kiddies occasionally have toy one
14. This screws on to bolt
16. One gets waves of all kinds on this
17. Behead Boer
18. Flights are, occasionally
19. Sometimes studied in schools
22. Common to bear and weasel
24. Many an excellent one has come from Southern Europe
26. They're apt to make office workers unhappy
27. Suit-case
30. Begins riot in spring

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 99. Closing SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1938.

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. Value.....

No. .....

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6d.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 99. Closing SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1938.

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. Value.....

No. .....

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1s.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

6 Big Cheques Won in Crossword No. 96

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 96, the Adjudication Committee decided that the senders of the most meritorious Sets of Answers on one Square were the following six competitors who submitted Squares differing at one point only from the most meritorious Sets of Answers seen in Square below:—

A. DIMULIO, 11, Rochester Road, Newport, Mon.; Miss M. DOUD, 12, Carlton Vale, London, N.W.6; Mrs. F. D. KNOTT, 5, Bangor Road, Crumlin, Dublin; J. W. PALMER, 51, Amersham Road, London, S.E.14; H. SCOTT, 7, Rosslyn Terrace, Sunderland; W. SHANNON, Ferry Barn Cottage, Cookstown, Co. Tyrone.

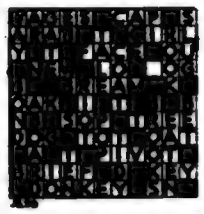
Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, these competitors share the First Prize of £750 and a cheque for £125 will be sent to each.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted a Square eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, March 8, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all Squares submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the £100 Award to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 33 competitors from whom we received Squares inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best Squares received. These winners will each receive £3 0s. 3d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

A useful Surprise Award for each of 191 entrants from whom we received a Square differing from Square of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer will be posted this week.

WINNING SQUARE



The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the Square on left.

One space is left blank to indicate that at this point HOG and NOG were regarded as apt Answers of equal merit.

Reasons for Committee's findings will appear in next week's "Crossword Gazette," complimentary copy of which can be obtained by using coupon below.

COPY SQUARES ONLY

READ THESE RULES

1.—Complete Puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Cut out the whole Entry Form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry-fee for one coupon (two squares) is SIXPENCE. For two coupons (four squares) send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form. Entry Form to be posted as directed (not delivered by hand), to reach us not later than Saturday, March 12, 1938.

2.—In addition to two sixpenny Entry Forms from "John Bull," each entrant may submit SIX EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette" or any other announcement of this Competition. Thus each entrant is limited to 8 Entry Forms (16 squares in all) and Entry-fee of 4s.

Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or ill said and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, March 24. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, March 29, in accordance with the directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prize or Surprise Awards. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

4.—Should the First Prize be shared, £750 Cash will be paid instead of the Two-in-one Award.

5.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

6.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS ON PAGE 35.

✦ Special Invitation ✦ TO NEW READERS

May we send you a complimentary copy of "John Bull's" weekly "Crossword Gazette," the best possible aid to success? Post this coupon in halfpenny stamped envelope to "Bulletin" Dept., 39, Bedford Street, W.C.2 (OR ENCLOSE WITH "CROSSWORD" ENTRY).

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PLEASE USE BLOCK LETTERS

Name .....

Address .....

.....

ADDRESS ENTRY: CROSSWORD No. 99, "JOHN BULL," 57, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.)

The Editor Laughs Last

JACK (Mayfair).—"I do a lot of shooting at my friend's country house." A very easy target.

D. H. (Dover).—"No two people on earth think alike." Ever been to a wedding reception and seen the presents?

N. M. (Putney).—"Who was it that went into a lion's den and came out alive?" The lion.

F. K. (Colindale).—"Some barbers are good conversationalists." Though apt to talk over people's heads.

M. G. L. (Oban).—"What has caused the biggest stir in the Highlands during the past two centuries?" Porridge.

D. B. (London, E.).—"I asked the coal dealer to put the half-ton on the slate." You mean on top of the other coal?

MRS. D. (Clacton).—"My husband is very restless and irritable these days." See letter below.

MR. D. (Clacton).—"My wife's latest craze is knitting all my underwear for me." See letter above.

HON. SEC. (Parkeston).—"Our new half-back is a cook by profession." Just the man to see that your forwards are well fed.

S. E. J. (Clevedon).—"If you had a cold as bad as mine is, what would you take for it?" As much as we could get.

M. K. (Gillingham).—"I used to go in the gallery, then the pit, and now I can afford the stalls." A stage nearer each time.

M. N. (Hitchin).—"Ordinary mud is not beneficial to the complexion when used as a face pack." The lorry-drivers round our way don't seem to care.

M. C. (Diss).—"When using thick notepaper, one should always write on the back." We prefer to use thin paper and sit on a chair to write.

E. M. (Crewe).—"My small son likes to watch railway engines running backwards." Aren't you afraid he will bump into something?

TOM K. (Truro).—"I've forgotten whether I received the cigar from a friend or somebody else." You'll know when you've smoked it.

Ambitious (London, N.)—"There isn't much of an opening for a keeper in a zoo." Really?

"We've been using it for a magic carpet!"
—from "The Passing Show."

K. L. (Amersham).—"I refuse to close my eyes to anything." Not even soap?

S. A. (Bognor).—"Street hawkers seem to me to do quite well." Apparently there's a living in their calling.

P. T. (Horsham).—"Can you mention a short sentence without a verb in it?" Seven days.

HAPPY COUPLE (Tooting).—"We selected the wallpaper and pasted it on ourselves." Amateur paperhangers generally do that.

PUZZLED (Chertsey).—"Whatever use can tear gas be in arresting criminals?" It's difficult to see.

N. B. (Stoke).—"Since the telephone has been taken away I seem to have lost touch with my friends." Cut off?

R. K. (Slough).—"At the end of the day I am so tired I am glad to throw myself into a chair." And heave a sigh of relief.

MRS. J. A. (Hatfield).—"He completely ruined the new shoes I gave him because he forgot they were only meant for indoor use." He wore them out?

GROCER (Stourport).—"Owing to the increase in trade I have been obliged to buy a bigger ledger this year." You have a larger volume of business.

F. D. (Maldon).—"Where will you find the really old-fashioned girl nowadays?" Nowhere, because we are not looking for her.

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day, marking your envelope "Free Advice." The replies given here to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

J. I. (Cricklewood).—"I advertised for a wife and got hundreds of replies." All saying 'You can have mine'?

CIRCUS HAND (En Route).—"How would you treat a sick lion?" With the greatest respect.

W. R. (Bexhill).—"The ring brought about my downfall." Boxing, betting, or wedding?

T. Y. (Cookham).—"My girl friend dresses very modestly." Some girls will do anything to attract attention.

A. K. (Aberfan).—"A man who can't express himself so that people understand him is an idiot. Do you understand my meaning?" No.

H. J. (Wolverton).—"The circus attendant told me that the elephant had a liking for camphor." To keep the moths out of his trunk?

F. D. (Yarmouth).—"Why do some women spend half their time gossiping to their neighbours?" So they can spend the other half gossiping about them.

R. S. (Purfleet).—"Having heard of my sorry plight, he kept the job open until I was in a position to take it." He saved the situation for you.

R. N. (Epsom).—"He sportingly obliged me by filling a gap in my local amateur show, and proved quite a success." He did you a good turn.

W. P. (Hayes).—"My son has never worked as well as he does nowadays, so his teacher tells me, and he is the best in the class." At the top of his form, eh?

MRS. T. (Hove).—"My lodger's accusations were unfounded, for I remembered quite clearly that the fish was only bought yesterday." It was still fresh in your mind.

D. W. (Elstree).—"It was actually a nice little choirboy who tipped me the three winners." A sweet childish treble, as it were.

W. B. (Keswick).—"By using his facial muscles skilfully, he conveys the sentiment of the song he is singing." He puts a lot of expression into it.

P. B. G. (Goole).—"I missed the boat by turning down a job abroad." There's a £400 job at home offered to you on page 43—and a trip to New York to celebrate it!

MRS. S. (Dulwich).—"I'm not so sure I want my boy to take the job at the butcher's, as he looks a vindictive sort of man." You're afraid he might get his knife into him.

R. A. (Highgate).—"After consideration, I decided to agree to add my collection of relics to his, in the hope that an auction might realise more money." You threw in your lot with his.

A. W. (Rotherham).—"Imagine my surprise to see a man taking off his clothes on the railway platform." Perhaps he was told to change at that particular station.

A. Y. (Bedford).—"I've been eating at this particular restaurant for years and it was the first time I had ever had a tender steak there." Perhaps they gave you the proprietor's in error.

N. R. (Market Drayton).—"What can I do to prevent an owl sitting on the top of the large tree in my front garden and waking me night after night?" Cut the tree down.

ILLUSIONIST (Bath).—"One of my most difficult feats is that where I swallow a long strip of glass, but on this occasion the item fell absolutely flat." The audience saw through it, eh?

M. T. (Taplow).—"I advertised for information as to the best way to cope with the flood water in my garden, and received hundreds of letters containing remedies." You were swamped.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrived with the earliest postmark receives the award.

FULHAM CHRONICLE:—"Defendant was PAID 5s. for driving without a licence . . ."

CROYDON TIMES AND SURREY COUNTY MAIL:—". . . wife of the Bishop, who was among the typhoid cases, is now BISHOP."

DAILY MAIL:—"He spent some time carefully parting his hair and trimming his small BEAR."

TROON AND PRESTWICK TIMES:—"Elderly people who patronise the library will not now be called upon to do any STAR-climbing."

STIRLING SENTINEL:—"I could see a telegraph POLICE in front of me."

WEST HERTS POST:—"Slightly DECEASED receipts from the year's working . . ."

YORKSHIRE EVENING POST:—". . . he proceeded to interpret to the wooden-faced Japanese guard manning a HANDBAG barricade."

MIDLAND DAILY TELEGRAPH:—"The Finance Committee have decided in favour of introducing as from the SEDGING of the first full pay week . . ."

'LIVE' Yeast is LIFE . . . .

PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast is a GRAND TONIC and PICK-ME-UP. It safely and surely restores VITALITY and VIGOUR to men and women of all ages and increases the JOY OF LIFE. . . . PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast is 'LIVE' Yeast, absolutely free from drugs. It ensures perfect assimilation of food, purifies the system and is a splendid Natural Remedy for INDIGESTION, NERVES, NEURITIS and BOILS.

. . . 50 Tablets 1/3 . . .

Family Size 3/- . . Vest Pocket Size 6d.

Perfectly Safe . . . . . Not habit-forming

From all Chemists. Make no mistake — Always ask for PHILLIPS TONIC YEAST by name and make sure you get the REAL THING . . .

Phillips TONIC YEAST is LIFE ITSELF!

IS ONLY HALF YOUR LAVATORY CLEAN?

HARPIC not only keeps the bowl spotlessly white. It sweeps right round that hidden bend in the pipe, cleans thoroughly where no brush can ever reach. It disinfects and deodorises at the same time. You just sprinkle Harpic, leave as long as possible, then flush.

In new easy-flow tins, Harpic costs only 6d., 1/- and 1/9.

No brush can reach here
You can't be too careful about this hidden half. Your brush won't reach here. But Harpic sweeps right round — disinfects and deodorises.
HARPIC

CLEANS · DISINFECTS · DEODORISES

HARPIC for the lavatory

HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD., HULL AND LONDON

Pain after meals?

IF your life is being made miserable by distressing heartburn, flatulence, sick headache and pain after meals, then follow the example of Nurse Jennings, of Weston, who writes:

"I was a great sufferer with heartburn and pains after eating, and I dreaded mealtimes . . . After taking 'Bisurated' Magnesia I can now eat anything without discomfort."

Your first dose of 'Bisurated' Magnesia will stop the stomach pain; take it after meals and you'll forget you ever had indigestion. 'Bisurated' Magnesia is used and recommended by doctors everywhere . . . you simply cannot buy a better stomach remedy. Get a bottle today. Prices: Powder, 1/3 & 2/6. Tablets, 6d., 1/3 & 2/6.

You want 'Bisurated' Magnesia

Did You Wake With "MORNING MOUTH"? —Then Beware!

When you wake with a *foul-tasting* mouth, it means that your body contains food waste matter which is poisoning your whole system. "Morning mouth," bad breath and coated tongue are certain symptoms of constipation or stomach disorders. Not only will you suffer from the immediate results of constipation—headaches, flatulence, bad skin, rheumatism, superfluous fat, and depression—but you become vulnerable to very serious illness. Feen-a-mint banishes constipation and cleanses your system completely, giving you bright eyes, sweet breath and added vitality. Feen-a-mint works the way nature intended—safely and thoroughly—because it mixes with the saliva and is carried naturally through the whole digestive system. Its fresh mint flavour makes it a family favourite. Get a packet from your chemist **to-day**—or send your name and address on a postcard for a free sample to White's Laboratories Ltd. (Dept. D.5), 15, Thames House, Westminster, S.W.1

Advt.

Kill Kidney Germs—Gain Health

Your Kidneys have 9 million tubes, endangered by Germs caused by Colds, Bad Teeth, Tonsils and infections. Ordinary medicine doesn't kill the germ cause of Kidney Trouble. Kill Kidney Germs the scientific way with Cystex—don't smash up health.

If you are compelled to Get up Nights, have Burning, Itching Passages, Nerves, Dizziness, Rheumatism, Circles Under Eyes, Swollen Ankles, Lost Appetite and Energy, etc., Cystex will end your pain in 2 hours. In 24 hours you will feel better still; in 5 days you are fitter and stronger than since Kidney Trouble gripped you. Cystex is guaranteed to set you right in 5 days or money back. From all Chemists—a fair offer.

And so . .

ANOTHER CHILD was born

(Continued from page 9)

"Of course. But don't forget, dear, that we still have the pram and the cot and all the more expensive things that we had to get when Peter came. A second child won't cost nearly as much."

I picked up the day's paper.

Its tone was all too familiar.

Germany arming to maintain the integrity of the Fatherland, even children marching and counter-marching. Britain, France, Russia piling up arms for the preservation of peace; Mussolini equipping baby Fascists with wooden rifles, roaring that the laurel wreath of honourable peace rests upon eight million Italian bayonets.

On the back page of the newspaper was a picture of a Spanish mother.

She was shown hiding her crying child in her shawl, while she gazed in terror at the sky. I showed it to Ann.

"I know," she said quietly. "It might well be me or any other mother. That's why lots of women won't have children. . . . But throughout history people like you and me have been saying the same thing.

"As long as there have been wars, mothers and fathers have been asking why they should produce children to be killed . . . And yet they have taken the risk.

"I, too, am willing to take that risk.

"John, Peter is lonely. He's *cramped*. Have you ever seen his face when children pass our gate?

"If he is to have a playmate it should be soon, so that he is still young enough for them to grow up together."

★ ★ ★

Our second child was born four months ago.

How different was the birth from the first!

One morning Ann waved to me as usual when I left for the office. On returning that evening I saw a light in the bedroom, ran upstairs and found Ann—and Mary.

Peter was overjoyed. "Baby sister" was a splendid—if noisy—new toy.

He knew all about his playmate. Ever since we had first told him, he had talked about her almost incessantly. It was "her" all the time—never "him"!

★ ★ ★

At first he was a little puzzled by this sudden upheaval in his world.

Then a little jealous. But we eliminated that by appealing to his "big brother" instinct.

He now serves Mary with all the unquestioning loyalty of a three-and-a-half-year-old.

The strange thing is that he has lost all interest in his peephole through the hedge, and in the little girls who live down the road.

Instead, we sometimes surprise him bending over "baby sister's" basket, his small stern well in the air, his face laid against hers on the pillow.

Daily he urges her to "hurry and grow up for us to play."

The other day, when Mary was vaccinated, Peter insisted on waiting up to ask me if I had seen "baby sister's op'ration!"

It's that big brother complex again. He lectures her, cajoles her, protects her. Yes, he worships her.

This is our argument for the second child. I have tried to put it simply, without "stating a case," without loading you with impressive, but cold-blooded, figures about the birth-rate.

Mary, we find, has made little difference to our weekly budget so far. Most of our mountains were molehills. Mary is paid for. Our home, which we must leave soon, steadily gets shabbier.

Peter feels more a man than ever now he has pockets

Bills of Mary's making are settled. I have stopped smoking, and by walking between station and office find that I not only feel better for the exercise, but save two shillings a week in bus fares.

Often between Wednesday and Friday Ann and I haven't a penny between us.

But we're happy and *complete*.

"Stock's as good as money," my grandfather used to say.

He was right.

Though we haven't a bean—we're millionaires!

Ship Comes In

(Continued from p. 26)

and Judith worked the canoe along and scrambled up.

"Well?"

"The yacht *Bonito*, and deserted. That's all I know."

She slipped her arm through his and they stood close, scared by the hush which the crying of the gulls, the flap of canvas and the creak of rigging only served to emphasise.

"One thing—we must keep her off the beach," said Ross. "With this breeze it should be easy."

They went to the stern, and he spun the wheel tentatively. The schooner answered to it, and the sails filled sufficiently to give her steerage way.

★ ★ ★

"That's the idea. Now keep her like that while I look round. Must be some explanation. I'll be as quick as I can."

He prowled warily, looking about. Had there been a mutiny; had the yacht been boarded by Malay pirates there must have been blood and signs of disorder.

Any event which had led up to the abandoning of the *Bonito* must have left some trace, some clue.

He could not find it. In the small deckhouse, which had obviously been used for navigation, charts were laid out neatly, but the log was not there.

That was odd. Why should all else be undisturbed and yet that vital record of the voyage be missing?

Down below the quiet was intensified and made more alarming by being boxed in.

This was the lounge, a fine room. A silver water-jug stood on the table.

Books were on shelves, and a novel lay open on the settee. He picked it up and looked at it blankly.

A cocktail bar filled one [illegible] bottles snug in their racks.

Door after door revealed [illegible]

of a rich man's yachting party. It seemed they'd gone ashore.

But where? And why hadn't they come back?

In the saloon the table waited to be set for a breakfast that would never be eaten. Aluminium pots stood on the cold stove in the galley.

Slowly he climbed the ladder, welcoming the sun's warmth. Judy's face held a hundred unanswerable questions.

He shook his head. "Ever read of the mystery of the *Marie Celeste*?"

"I seem to have. Wasn't she found like this, and the riddle never cleared up?"

"Yes, and it doesn't look as if this will be either. None of the boats missing. There's the big one on its davits, and she's towing the dinghy.

"I'd give—" He broke off. Another ladder trailed over the stern. In the dinghy was a mound covered with canvas.

"Perhaps—?" He went down the ladder eagerly.

To Judith he seemed to be gone an age. She called him, and he answered briefly, in a queer voice, that he'd be back in a minute.

Her foot tapped impatiently. Then he was with her again, face grey, a black book under his arm.

"Found the log," he said, with a shudder. "God, it's awful!"

"What?" she demanded, a little gasp.

"Cholera! Broke out suddenly. They'd no wireless, and were becalmed a thousand miles from anywhere.

"It took this one and that—the owner and his wife, their guests, and crew.

★ ★ ★

"They died like flies, and in agony. I've heard what cholera does since I've been East.

"In the end there was only one left, the bosun. His is the last entry, a month ago. She's been drifting since. He says the yacht's a pestship, and as he hasn't shown any symptoms he's provisioning the dinghy and going to live in it, because it hasn't been used since the outbreak.

"Planned to stay along with the yacht because she'd be more easily seen than the small boat alone.

"He says he's seen enough of cholera to know that if it's got him the only place is the sea. He ends up: 'If I'm not here, the bug had me.'

"The dinghy's empty, Judy, but for the food and water he didn't need."

They were silent then, while the gulls keened; they were silent among the ghosts of the *Bonito's* dead.

★ ★ ★

She lifted to the sea, alive once more now that humans had come back to her.

Sinjamata floated on the waters, and from far out there the kampong could be seen, blue smoke rising.

The breeze freshened. Those two in the stern were young and in love, and had been sore beset.

"Judy, love," Ross said, "we can't help what's happened. Nothing can undo that.

"But this means we're rich. The salvage will be a fortune. If you hadn't come to join me last night I'd have been asleep this morning, and the *Bonito* would have rounded the headland and the Malays would have had her."

Though her eyes were still misty, Judith flung up her head in triumph.

"Now what about my luck? Didn't I tell you? I wish I'd given that darling old fortune-teller ten times as much.

"Oh, Ross, Fate isn't always cruel to lovers."

They were far enough from the shore to forget the wheel awhile.

INCREASED NEW QUEEN MARY PRIZE FOR A BULLET
THIS WEEK ONLY!
Win a 6,000-MILE TRIP TO NEW YORK for TWO
AND £400 CASH
Your thrilling tour with a companion in R.M.S. "Queen Mary", includes a stay in New York with hotel accommodation and sightseeing at "John Bull's" expense.
12 DAYS' TOUR IN WORLD'S FINEST LUXURY LINER
— OR 4-SEATER FORD "EIGHT" SALOON CAR IF PREFERRED
6569 OTHER PRIZES
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6,000 MYSTERY PRIZES EACH WITH £175 OFFER
Closing Postmark SAT. MAR. 12

WONDER VOYAGE AND FORTUNE FOR A FEW SIMPLE WORDS!

"WHAT a ship! Words cannot describe my feelings as I gazed upon the floating palace in which we were to sail to New York. On our first day at sea we rose early and strolled about the *Queen Mary's* vast decks before breakfast. Then followed four wonderful days, an enthralling stay in New York and four more days of luxury in our giant ship on her way back to the Old World."

In those vivid words Mr. H. F. Ellis described the Millionaire's Trip to New York and back in the *Queen Mary* which this young grocer enjoyed with his wife as part of his First Prize in a past *Bullets* Contest. Enter a few simple words on one of the coupons from this page and a similar 6,000-mile luxury holiday for two can be *your* celebration of capturing this week's increased £400 First Prize!

Altogether 6,570 prizes are waiting headed by that increased Cash First with *Queen Mary* celebration; but time is flying, and if you are wise you will start on your *Bullets* as soon as you have read through the simple instructions below.

"BULLETS" 1,107 RESULT

First Prize £300, plus Trip to New York in R.M.S. *Queen Mary*:

Mrs. N. BLOODWORTH, 5, Melrose Avenue, Sherwood, Nottingham.

Example: NEW LIFE
Bullet: COMES WITH "LONG SLEEP."

SECOND PRIZE £50:

Miss H. BREED, 4, The Grove, Eaton Ford, St. Neots, Hunts.

Example: Only A Few
Bullet: Planes—Bombs—Minutes—Survivors!
(Entered on "Good Shot" coupon.)

THIRD PRIZE £25:

J. E. L. RODERICK, 53, Glebe Street, Bedwas, Newport, Mon.

Example: For Charity
Bullet: To Benefit, "Collect" Frauds!

OTHER PRIZES:

£20: Mrs. P. M. JAMES, 33, Wren Street, Coventry.
What We Make—Or Mar, "Maker" Marks.

£15: C. F. DADSWELL, 118, Park Avenue, N., Northampton.
In Britain To-day—Idle—And Idle Land.
(Entered on "Good Shot" coupon.)

£10: R. L. INESON, 5, Fineleigh Court, Slough.
Idle Acres—Spare "Rods" Spoiling Motherland.

£9 10s.: M. ROWLEY, 162, Elmbridge Road, Gloucester.
He May Be A Failure, But—"Doormat" Keeps "Draught" Out.

£9: L. T. TOOMS, 2, Brookland Road, Northampton.
What Progress Means—Workman—Foreman—Manager—*Slave!*

£8 10s.: J. MORRIS, Bermondsey Settlement, London, S.E.
Idle Acres—Give *Them* "Cold Steel"!

£8: E. SOMMERS, 13, Horsham Cottages, Honicknowle, Plymouth.
New Life—But Slum's Friendliness Missing.

£7 10s.: C. C. SPINK, 37, Stanley Street, Heaton Park, Manchester.
At The Next Election—Our Member "Kissing" *Mat.*

£7: G. C. PAYNE, 24, Waldeck Road, Ealing, London, W.
Arrested — Romance — Policeman's Beat Changed!

£6 10s.: Mrs. E. SINDALL, "Grasmere," Birches Lane, Kenilworth, Warwicks.
Out Peeped A Crocus And—Window-box Justified Empty Money-box.

£6: P. JEFFERSON, Jnr., 193, Sunderland Road, South Shields.
New Life—If Italian Colonist Lives!

£5 10s.: R. H. USHER, 35, Shepherd Lane, Thurnscoe, Rotherham.
Listening To The Radio—Grandpa—Snorts At Science!

£5: J. ADAMS, 50, Grand Avenue, Lancing, Sussex.
What Progress Means—War News Warns You.

£4 10s.: Mrs. MACKINTOSH, c/o 156, Victoria Park Road, Leicester.
Law Of Nature—But Nudist Forgot Bye-laws!

£4: A. NICHOLLS, Corra, near Whitchurch, Shropshire.
Flooded—Our Kitchenette, Overturned Saucepan!

£3 10s.: S. TRASLER, 19, Albion Road, Sileby, Leics.
Hard To Say—What He's "Member For."

£3: K. A. ALLEN, 19, Ewart Road, Chatham, Kent.
When The Devil Drives—Auntie Accelerates To—*Ten!*

A list of 25 £1, 25 10s., 30 5s., 100 2s. and 500 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at these offices.

THE WAY TO WIN

CARE and common-sense are all you need to make a prize *Bullet*. Just select a few *Examples* and jot down all the ideas each one suggests.

There you have your raw material. Now, a *Bullet* must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely fitted to the chosen *Example*. Your next step, therefore, is to compress and improve your rough notes.

Suppose, for instance, that against the *Example* WITHOUT A WILL, you had jotted down *Young Waster, After Being Left Fortune*. From this you could easily produce the typical *Bullet*, WITHOUT A WILL—LEGACY LEFT "WORTHLESS" HEIR.

Before starting on your own efforts, study closely the good points of the leading *Bullets* in our 1,107th Contest which appear on this page.

Congratulations on capturing this week's £400 and grand *Queen Mary* celebration will be wired to some "Bulleteer" on Friday, March 25. That competitor may well be you, provided you post your entry on or before Saturday, March 12.

Special Invitation ★ TO NEW READERS

★ **Send this Coupon**

May we send you a complimentary copy of JOHN BULL'S weekly *Bullets Bulletin*, the best possible aid to success? Post this coupon in halfpenny stamped envelope to *Bulletin* Dept., 39, Bedford Street, W.C.2. (OR ENCLOSE WITH "BULLETS" ENTRY).

You must affix ½d. stamp here

PLEASE USE BLOCK LETTERS

NAME .....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS .....

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If you wish to use Advertiser's coupon on back, you can apply for your "Bullets Bulletin" on plain paper, affixing ½d. stamp.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS TO ANY "EXAMPLE"

CULTIVATING PEACE
ONCE HE WAS POOR, BUT
PRICE OF PROGRESS
TO PAY FOR ARMAMENTS
OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE
JOB FOR THE SCIENTIST
WHERE SUNBEAMS PLAY
FISHERMAN'S WIFE
IF SHE SAYS "YES!"
WHEN THE SIREN WENT
BEFORE HE ARRIVED
POPULAR BUDGET
MOTHER FEARS
FORTIFIED
WITHOUT A WILL
ON FIRE
DAD'S LAWN
AGITATORS
RED SKIES
SONNY KNOWS
UNFAIR
COME DOWN TO EARTH AND
THROUGH THE MILL
PATCHING THINGS UP
HE'S ALL RIGHT, SO
TO AVOID TROUBLE
WHATEVER THEY SAY
MARK OF RESPECT
IN THE SAME BOAT
COOLING HIS HEELS
AT THE PISTOL'S POINT
WHEN ALL SEEMS LOST

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

(1,111) Closing postmark SAT., Mar. 12.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.

Signed .....

Address .....

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

(1,111) Closing postmark SAT., Mar. 12.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.

Signed .....

Address .....

YOU CAN POST YOUR ENTRY UP TILL LAST COLLECTION, SATURDAY, MARCH 12.

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

(1,111) Closing postmark SAT., Mar. 12.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed .....

Address .....

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

(1,111) Closing postmark SAT., Mar. 12.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.

Signed .....

Address .....

Should you wish to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

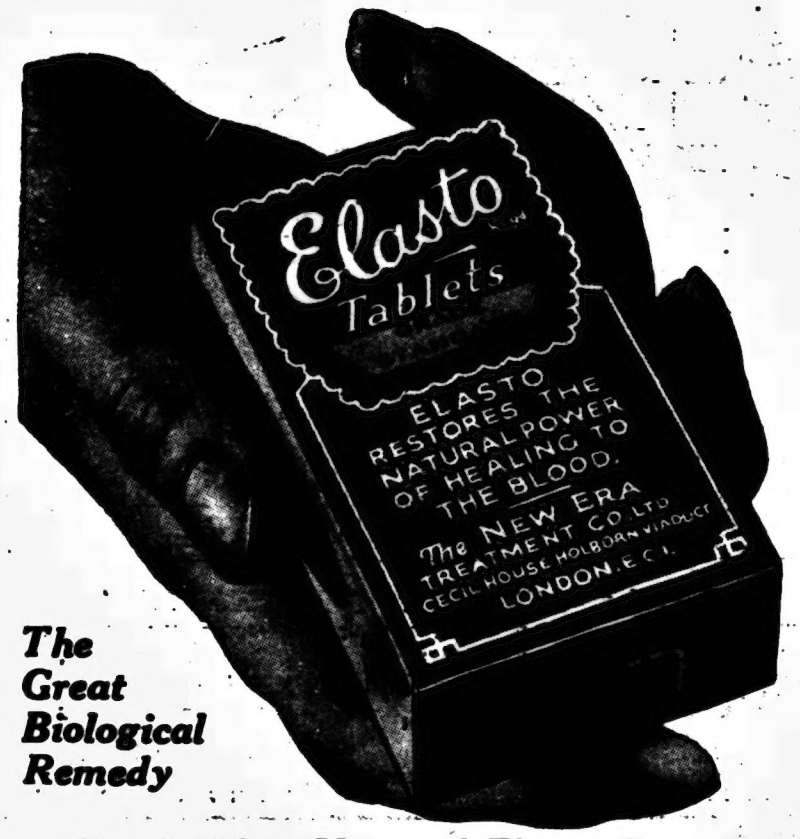
READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

The original cheque for £300 awarded to the First Prize winner in Competition No. 1,106 will be displayed in the window of Miss Hepworth, Doncaster Road, Belle Vue, Wakefield.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" (No. 1,111 usually purchase "John Bull."

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,111, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)



The Great Biological Remedy

Read What Users of Elasto Say—

"No sign of varicose veins now."
"All signs of phlebitis gone."
"I feel ten years younger."
"Cured my swollen legs although I had been suffering for years."
"Cured my rheumatism and neuritis."
"Elasto put new life into me."
"My Doctor highly praises Elasto."
"Now walk long distances with ease."
"Elasto has cured my bad legs."
"Elasto tones up the system and cures depression."
"Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."
"Rheumatoid arthritis gone. I have never felt better."
"As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever."
"Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me."
"The stinging sensations I used to get in my left arm and leg (arterio-sclerosis) are quite gone and my general health is much improved."
"Now free from piles."
"Suffered for years from a weak heart, but Elasto cured me."
"Completely cured my varicose ulcers."
"I am now free from pain."
"My skin is as soft as velvet, thanks to Elasto." Etc.

Blood is the Elixir of Life—or Death!

Vital, wholesome, bio-chemically balanced blood is the physical basis of all healing; it rebuilds, repairs, nourishes and regenerates the millions upon millions of tissue-cells of which the body is composed. Poor, anaemic or poisoned blood, or a stagnating blood stream (bad circulation), on the other hand, just as surely reverses these vital processes; breaking down and destroying the tissues and producing those states which we call disease. The one indisputable fact which emerges from the vast mass of therapeutic theory current to-day is that a sound circulation and prophylactic blood constitute the basis of life and health.

The Fruits of Years of Biological Research

Elasto is not a "mushroom" remedy, it was not invented overnight; it crystallises the researches of eminent physiologists, pathologists and physiological chemists over a long period and is prepared with great skill and with a careful regard for scientific detail by highly trained men possessing a special knowledge of the properties and functions of the blood.

Not Magic—Just Logic!

THE host of crippling disabilities due to bad circulation are literally swept out of the system by a free-flowing stream of new, vital blood, because Elasto restores bio-chemical balance to the blood, muscular tone to the heart, and elasticity to veins and arteries, making them as healthy and as sound as ever. It is prepared in tiny tablets which dissolve *instantly* on the tongue and it is absorbed *directly* into the blood stream thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood! You will notice *Elasto does not enter the stomach.* This remarkable fact partly explains its amazing effectiveness. Elasto does not patch you up—it cures, because it brings into full activity Nature's own great powers of healing.

There are no substitutes for Elasto. Beware of imitations!

For the Blood, Veins, Arteries And Heart

Elasto

REGISTERED

The Wonder Tablet

Varicose Veins, Bad Leg, Weak Heart, Rheumatism, Piles, Eczema, Gout, etc.

Healthy Blood—The Basis of all Healing!

NO ailment resulting from poor or sluggish circulation of the blood can resist the curative action of Elasto. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, the heart becomes steady, the arteries supple, skin troubles clear up, old wounds become clean and healthy, and quickly heal, piles disappear, inflammation and irritation are soothed, rheumatism simply fades away, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, *the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

Elasto Cures Through the Blood!

Elasto dispenses entirely with the use of drugs; it is based on the knowledge that varicose veins, bad leg, rheumatism, piles, hardened arteries, heart weakness—to name but a few of the many ailments associated with bad circulation—*are deficiency diseases;* that in all such conditions there is a lack of certain *vital constituents of the blood.* Owing to this lack the body is unable to build up the elastic tissue needed to maintain the vein and artery walls and the membranes in a healthy condition and a state of flabbiness results. Elasto restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the relaxed and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart and so to re-establish normal circulation: *the real basis of sound health.*

Not a Drug, but a Vital Cell-Food!

Every sufferer should test this wonderful Biological Remedy which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; stimulating the growth of new healthy tissue-cells to replace worn-out and diseased tissues, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own powers of healing. Prepared in small delicate tablets, by a special process, Elasto dissolves *instantly* on the tongue, and is absorbed directly into the blood stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood! It is not a drug, but a vital cell-food, which *must* be present in the blood to ensure complete health. That explains why Elasto succeeds where ordinary treatments have failed. It also explains why Elasto gives results for a few shillings where formerly pounds have been spent to no purpose. Nothing even remotely resembling Elasto has ever been offered to the general public before. It is the pleasantest, the cheapest, and the most effective remedy ever devised.

For All "John Bull" Readers

FREE

A Generous Sample of this Wonder Remedy

SIMPLY fill in the Coupon below for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the New Biological Remedy. These, together with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it! Or send 5s. for a whole month's supply (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes!!

This offer is too good to be missed! ★

ELASTO (Dept. 15.D),
Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

COUPON for Free Trial Sample of Elasto

The Great Blood Revitaliser

ELASTO (Dept. 15.D) Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet, "The Story of Elasto" fully explaining how Elasto, *The Great Blood Revitaliser,* cures through the blood.

NAME .....
(Please Print in Capital Letters).

ADDRESS .....

"John Bull," 5/3/38. .....

Issued by The New Era Treatment Co., Ltd.

Elasto will save you pounds!

J.B.L.9

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